

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

AUGUST 10, 1962

REACHING FOR THE MOON

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



SPACE PLANNER
D. BRAINERD HOLMES

VOL. LXXX NO. 6

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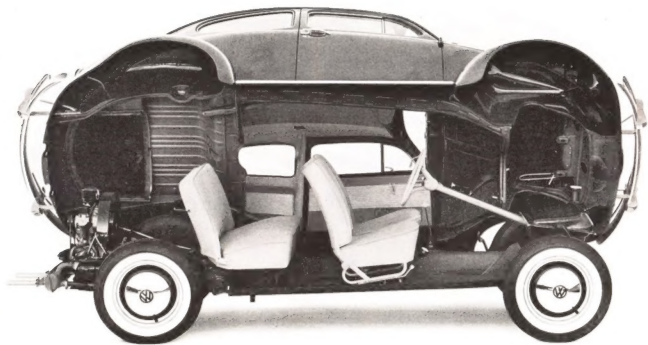
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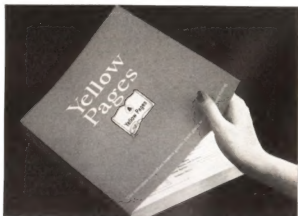
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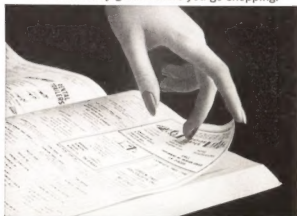
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LETTERS

A Place in the Sun

Sir: Thank Mr. Delbert Webb [TIME, AUG. 3] for making Sun City possible. The motto of that city should read as a well-known book reads, "Ye must become as little children again."

Camp Hill, Pa. MARTHA M. EVERT

Sir: God forbid that I should ever commit myself to a "retirement" city. Granted that my bones will creak, my hair will grey, but to cut myself off from the swingy ring of the mainstream of life would really make me old.

(MRS.) GLADYS REINHART CLARK
Oak Lawn, Ill.

Sir: The attitude of the younger people to wards our elderly citizens today is "Get them out of our hair at all costs."

Now the propaganda has begun: "Put them in reservations or concentration camps." For that is what the Sun Cities are, no matter how you pretty them up.

O. V. SEMMER

Hutchinson, Kansas

Thalidomide

Sir: The Finkbine case [TIME, AUG. 3] is a touchingly human condemnation of our cruel, vastly illogical abortion laws.

The grave danger caused by the drug thalidomide and the prospect of a hideously deformed child being born as a result of its use should be more than adequate justification for legal abortion—but there are other equally good reasons: many young lives have been wrecked because sexually overzealous youths were forced into "shotgun" marriages at an early age as a result of unwanted pregnancy; many much younger lives have been ruined when children of tender ages have found that they are not really wanted in homes where their birth was an "accident."

To liberalize abortion laws would not be to encourage immorality but would, rather, save many worthwhile U.S. citizens from disastrously burdensome problems.

ROBERT F. DORR

San Diego

Sir: As a mother who had German measles during the first trimester of her pregnancy, I sympathize with the agonies that Mrs. Finkbine is now experiencing. However, no end, however good it appears, can justify evil means. And killing a living being, be it still

unborn, is an evil means. Abortion is murder. My child is normal and healthy despite the statistics she fought. Mrs. Finkbine's may also be normal.

(MRS.) GLORIA T. WELLS
Chatsworth, Calif.

Sir: As to the Finkbines' baby, if there is only a fifty-fifty chance to be normal, why not wait until he is born and kill him if he is abnormal? It would be more consequential.

(THE REV.) JOHN PH. PIETRA
Barnabite Fathers Seminary
Youngstown, N.Y.

Native Sons

Sir: In discussing the appointment of Anthony Celebrezze as the new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, a footnote in the July 27 issue of TIME indicates that "the Census Bureau counts as foreign-born not only those born abroad but also their children..."

Least some native-born citizens fear they have suddenly been classed as aliens, it should be emphasized that the census counts as foreign-born only those persons actually born outside the U.S.

Apparently your footnote is meant to refer to native-born persons of foreign or mixed parentage, a group often referred to, when combined with the foreign-born, as "foreign stock."

RICHARD M. SCAMMON
Director

Bureau of the Census
Washington, D.C.

Political Roll

Sir: Re the article on the East German children's game [TIME, July 27]: it was obviously copied from a game played by Washington adults called "New Frontier." The idea is the same—to roll the dice and, if possible, go forward:

1. White House redecorated; advance one space.
2. Stock market drop; retreat one space.
3. Peace Corps formed; advance three spaces.
4. Nuclear testing resumed; advance five spaces.
5. Urban renewal defeated; retreat one space.
6. Fell in pool; lose a turn.
7. Steel owners told off; retreat to nearest Junior Chamber of Commerce office.
8. Medicare bill defeated; retreat seven spaces.

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IN A WEAK AND QUIBBLING REPLY TO LORD BEAVERBROOK [TIME, July 27] WHO POINTED OUT THAT YOU WERE WRONG IN STATING THAT NO BRITISH PRIME MINISTER IN "MODERN TIMES" HAD BEEN A BACHELOR, YOU, SIR, SUGGEST THAT 1911 MAY NOT BE CONSIDERED "MODERN TIMES," YOUR LAKE DEFENSE FOR YOUR ERROR MIGHT HAVE BEEN A TRIFLE LESS LAME IF YOUR GIFTED RESEARCHERS HAD TOLD YOU THAT MR. BALFOUR CEASED TO BE PRIME

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TIME, AUGUST 10, 1962



BEHR IN FRONT OF UNFINISHED SOVIET EMBASSY IN TIRANA

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

TIME Correspondent Edward Behr, 36, served in the British army in India, worked as a reporter for Reuters in London and Paris, and as a member of our Paris staff has traveled through most of Europe. For four years he covered the Algerian war, and wrote a book about it last year.

In short, he has been to enough familiar and remote places to know better than to be beguiled by tourist brochures. But in the course of a 13-day tour through Communist Albania, on which he reports this week, Behr found the gap between fact and pictured fancy even wider than he expected. "Visiting Albania," he said, "is like putting the clock back and waking up in the Balkans of the 16th century, with telephone wires, modern weapons, and a little motor transport added."

Behr woke up to the backwardness of Albania early in his stay. Setting out to replace a razor (he had lost his suitcase in Budapest), he discovered that the only kind available was locally made—and lethal. It worked only by taking off large slices of skin. Behr mentioned this casually to his Albanian guide, who replied simply: "There is always some trouble about our razor." The shopping trip had one advantage: Behr got one of his few chances to talk alone with a native Albanian, a

pharmacist who had been to Paris years ago, and who plaintively asked whether things were the same on the Left Bank.

Behr's guide was well aware that he was no tourist, but decided that throwing him out of the country was pointless. In turn, Behr knew that the driver of their touring car was a member of the secret police. To divert the guide's attention while a photographer took pictures, Behr (in fractured French) tried to engage him in conversation. Once, when the guide mentioned that he had translated Bertolt Brecht's play, *Mother Courage*, into Albanian, Behr diverted him by describing at length a meeting with Brecht in Paris in 1953. Behr found the guide, who had never been outside Albania, almost pathetically curious about the outside world. And for those curious in turn about Albania, the hardest place to survive in all Europe, see Behr's report in THE WORLD.

COVER Artist Boris Artzybasheff is well known for his gift of playfully animating spaceships, big drill presses, power lawn mowers and other solemn objects. On this week's cover, he has not only given life to the moon rocket, but left a hidden message to the moon for taxpayers to ponder.

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THE NATION

TRENDS

Changing the Map

In a day when statistics no longer surprise, President Kennedy's top scientific adviser found a way to dramatize the \$12.3 billion that the U.S. Government is spending this fiscal year on research and development for defense and space. It is, Jerome Wiesner told a congressional subcommittee, more than the Government spent on research and development "in the entire interval from the American Revolution through and including World War II."

The big hunk of money means more than high taxes and the promise of audacious sorties into space. It also represents a Government-sponsored revolution that is creating changes whose full effects are still unreckoned by economists, sociologists or Chambers of Commerce. It is even changing the map of the U.S.

The big money goes primarily for what is unhappily called R.D.T. and E. (Pentagonese for research, development, testing and evaluation). The Government contracts laded out for this purpose have been concentrated on the two coasts. In fact, 59% of them have gone to just three states—California (41.3%), New York (12.1%) and Massachusetts (5.7%). But

there are other gainers. Florida's Cape Canaveral, not so long ago a little-known stretch of sand, is now an international dateline. Houston, near the water route to Canaveral and New Orleans, has lately been awarded the \$60 million Manned Spacecraft Center, and the fast-growing city, already the nation's seventh largest at 938,219, now expects to make a quantum jump.

The process has largely been a case of mutual attraction. Government money has gone to those forward-edge communities and plants where the money, brains and manpower already are. Around the great technical schools (M.I.T., Caltech, University of California), the scientific laboratories, the aircraft plants converted to aerospace, have sprung up vast community complexes. From houses to haircuts, prices have rocketed. At Cocoa Beach near Canaveral, beach property that 17 years ago sold for \$20 a foot now fetches \$1,000 or more. For decades, California advertised its oranges and sunshine to lure inhabitants, and a man could move there with a banjo on his knee. Now the big companies place column after column of classified ads in the Eastern newspapers and talk of the opportunities for good living, but specify the skills they want.

Much of what the seaboards have gained, the vast land area in between has lost—in population and power, in industry, and even in intellect. Michigan, long the symbol of American industrial go-gettiveness, last year got only 2.7% of the defense prime contracts (against 9.5% in 1951-53). Illinois got 2%. The seaboard centers have been a magnet in a selective sense—the populations flocking to California are not merely the sun-seeking oldsters, and certainly not the Okies of the 1930s, but often the youngest and brightest, most proficient and promising, most ambitious and adventurous. The more daring the project, the more attracted they are; and before man reaches the moon (*see cover story*), the effort to get him there is relocating a lot of people here on earth.

The usual impact of Government spending—on welfare, veterans' benefits, public works and civilian services—can be a powerful force, but it is diffused throughout the nation. And though pork-barrel politics sometimes creates distortions, these civic outlays are usually distributed pretty much as the population is. But defense and space contracts are passed out among a relatively small roster of communities, firms and universities. The past effect of the concentration of



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Government funds can be seen in the Tennessee Valley Authority, which transformed an entire region at a cost—then thought staggering—of about \$2.3 billion.

Already some of the areas losing ground are beginning to get the message. In the Chicago area, Northwestern University and Illinois Institute of Technology are both planning new research centers. In Pittsburgh, six institutions are teamed up to project a huge education center with a by-section devoted to research. Both cities hope to lure talent as well as keep it. Politicians have begun to catch up: both Michigan's Governor John Swainson and Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley have trekked to the White House to protest the slighting of their regions.

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara recently went back home to Michigan to say that the state has been losing defense business because it has failed to provide adequate support for its universities—and "the Defense Department seeks the best brains and goes where they are." But, concerned by the unequal distribution of funds, Deputy Defense Secretary Roswell Gilpatric ordered a survey on the population shifts resulting from defense and space. The conclusion, in characteristic Pentagonese: "Local initiative seeking defense business must direct itself to the creation of capability responsive to the exacting needs of modern warfare. Communities which fail to recognize this fact, and which fail to energize and mobilize their institutions to adjust to it cannot reasonably anticipate a major role in future defense procurement." What all this meant in English was that the have-nots had better get bumping.

The scientific revolution, with all its cost and all its promise, was originally inspired and spurred by the tensions and competitions of the cold war. What is now becoming apparent is that the revolution will survive even a relaxation of that strife. The curiosity of science, the adventure of space, the challenge of new problems, new solutions and new products have created their own momentum.

THE PRESIDENCY

Tax Troubles

A tax cut is presumably a politician's easy way to popularity. But though President Kennedy is eager to achieve one, a Gallup poll last week showed 72% of the people opposed. At his press conference, Kennedy wanted to rewrite the pollsters' question: Wouldn't people be for a tax cut if it would put off a recession? Such advanced economics has not got across to the body politic, which seems to think that if the Government spends a lot of money, it ought to pay its debts.

And so another pet Kennedy proposal seemed about to bite the dust. He was just not having any luck with taxes:

► He wants Congress to give him stand-by authority to cut taxes whenever a recession threatens. Not a chance.

► He wants the tax laws amended to close loopholes and provide tax incentives for business without any loss to the Treasury. Last week, by the time the Senate Finance Committee got through with it, the tax-revision bill might cost the Treasury \$750 million.

► He wants Congress to enact a spur-the-economy tax cut. But Wilbur Mills, the key committee chairman in the House, says he is "cool" to the idea; Harry Byrd, the Senate's No. 1 fiscal fellow, is deep-frozen against a tax cut.

Senate Warlords. Kennedy's tax troubles are one indication of how badly he has lost control of Congress during these doc days. It was Senate liberals, presumably on his side, who stopped the Senate with a ludicrous filibuster against one of his bills (see following story). Democrats currently hold nearly two-thirds of the seats in the Senate, but the place is now in a shambly state of anarchy, ignoring

® From left: House Majority Leader Carl Albert, and leading him House Majority Whip Hale Boggs; Speaker John McCormack and Vice President Johnson; Florida's Senator George Smathers; Senator Hubert Humphrey, assistant majority leader; and, heading away, senate Majority Leader Mansfield.

its leadership, and guided, if at all, by a coterie of individual warlords, each wielding limited power within fixed areas.

Part of the Democrats' difficulty is the lackluster floor leadership of Montana's Senator Mike Mansfield. A quiet, gentle man, Mansfield has notably failed to rally his colleagues behind Kennedy's programs. Explains one Democratic Senator: "Lyndon Johnson used to wring our arms out of their sockets; but then he'd give us a bear hug afterwards, and we tolerated him. Mike wouldn't even think of putting a gentle twist on a man's arm; we love him, but he gets nothing." In the vacuum, such senior Democrats as Oklahoma's Robert Kerr and Virginia's Byrd now go their own way, with little regard for the Administration's wishes. And it is they who have dominated the session.

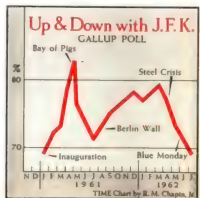
Convincing the Elected. The scoreboard on Kennedy's congressional record, past, present and future: As of last week, every possibility has evaporated that the Senate might revive Kennedy's request for a Department of Urban Affairs. There is little likelihood that the Senate will replace his farm bill, which was defeated in the House. Medicare went down to Senate defeat several weeks ago. A vicious fight is expected in both House and Senate when it comes time to put up money for foreign aid. The request for increases in postal rates is stalled in the Senate. The foreign trade bill, approved by the House, has been held up by the Senate Finance Committee; some 200 witnesses are still waiting to testify against it—though eventually it should pass.

Kennedy is now resolved to campaign in 15 states before the November election. It will not be enough for him to help get Democrats elected; he will have to do much better at selling them, and the country itself, on his programs.

High Wire Act

Shortly after President Kennedy's eloquent inaugural, the Gallup poll found that 69% of the U.S. liked the way he was beginning his new job. His popularity soared to a high of 83% in the rally-round-

® Higher than Eisenhower's peaks of 79 (Gemeva summit, 1955, and second inauguration, 1957); almost even with F.D.R.'s high of 84 (January 1942, after the U.S. declared war); four points below Harry Truman's record of 87 (just after Roosevelt's death in 1945).



the-flag spirit that immediately followed the Bay of Pigs fiasco that April, sagged to 71 by July, climbed again in the atmosphere of crisis over Berlin to a second peak of 79 last March. But since Kennedy's celebrated tangle with Big Steel and the Blue Monday that followed, his popularity has slipped. The latest Gallup poll found him back where he started; 69% of those questioned thought he was doing a good job.

THE CONGRESS

Head Winds

Not in many a moon had Senate Republicans had such a marvelous time. All they had to do was sit back to enjoy—and heckle—the spectacle of Democrats embroiled in a messy and embarrassing intraparty wrangle.

The entertainment was a filibuster, staged not by Deep Southerners—the most frequent filibusterers of recent years—but by liberal Democrats, notably Oregon's Wayne Morse and Maurine Neuberger, Tennessee's Estes Kefauver and Albert Gore, Texas' Ralph Yarborough. Some of them, over the years had conspicuously denounced Southern filibusterers against civil rights measures. Ex-Republican Morse (he quit the G.O.P. in the midst of the 1952 campaign) once called filibustering a "disgraceful and contemptible procedure," and has been one of the Senate's most vociferous advocates of rule changes to shut off filibusters, even though in 1953 he set a senatorial wind record with a speech lasting 17 hours and 26 minutes.

"Monstrous Giveaway." Morse and his fellow liberals were trying to block an Administration bill to set up a corporation to develop and operate communications systems that utilize space satellites. As the bill emerged from the Senate Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee, 50% of the stock would be sold to the public and 50% to companies. The corporation would in effect operate as a monopoly, but the public would be safeguarded against excessive rates by the Federal Communications Commission's rate-setting authority.

The bill had plenty of support in Washington. The President was for it, defended it once again at his midweek press conference. Brother Bobby called it "one of the most important pieces of legislation offered by this Administration." The Senate committee voted it out unanimously. A similar bill passed the House in May by a lopsided 354 to 0. In the face of all this backing, it was hard to tell just what the filibustering liberals were distressed about. Senator Kefauver called the bill a "monstrous giveaway." Some objectors voiced fears that the satellite corporation would be dominated by already huge American Telephone & Telegraph Co., sponsor of Telstar—although the bill specifies that no private firm could elect more than three of the new corporation's 15 directors.

Silent Filibuster. As a sometime Senate talk champion, Oregon's Morse fittingly started the filibuster off fortnight ago,

getting the floor and holding it for two rambling days. Another day was spent in constant calls for quorum, in which only six minutes were spent on debate. In frantic attempts to muster a quorum on a summer Saturday, Senate Democratic leaders summoned Senators to Washington from as far away as Mackinac Island in Lake Huron, even dispatched a Navy PT boat to fetch three Democrats from the nuclear merchant ship *Savannah*, cruising off Norfolk, Va. At one point, Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey, acting as majority leader in the absence of Montana's Mike Mansfield, considered ordering the sergeant at arms to place absent Senators under arrest and bring them to the chamber. The quorum was achieved only at 3 p.m., five hours after the session started,

During the quorum call, Pastore walked over to the lady and whispered: "I was just going to say you are charming and lovely even without lipstick."

Next day the battle grew bitter. Oklahoma's Robert Kerr, chairman of the Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee, hurled at Filibusterers Kefauver one of those windy insults dear to the oracular: "I think it is noble of him that he has volunteered to become the conscience of the Senate. It would be a little bit difficult for him to succeed in providing something for 100 Senators that there has not been too great evidence he has been able to provide for himself." In another outburst of irritation Morse repudiated Majority Leader Mansfield and Whip Humphrey ("They are not my majority leader



FILIBUSTERERS MORSE & NEUBERGER

Lost without lipstick.

when North Dakota's Republican Senator Milton Young, still wearing his windbreaker, arrived from a Virginia golf course to round out a quorum.

Handy Rhyme. When the Senate met again after the weekend, Senator Maurine Neuberger delivered a 4½-hour speech against the bill—by far the longest speech ever vented by a woman member of the U.S. Senate. She thereby sparked a small argument among veteran Senate galleryites about whether she should be called a filibusterer or a filibustress. Near the end of her speech, Maurine noted that when she taught English back in Oregon she used to quote a little rhyme to her pupils as an example of antichiasm

O dear, what shall I do?

I've lost my beau and my lipstick too.

"A man standing here in the Senate as I have stood here today would begin to show a 5 o'clock shadow. I feel that I have lost my lipstick too . . ." At that point Rhode Island's John Pastore, floor manager of the satellite bill, asked whether she would yield so he could speak. Suspecting some parliamentary maneuver, she refused, instead called for a quorum,

and my whip"), and all but called gentle, patient Mike Mansfield a liar.

"Amazing & Dissonant." Delighted Republicans found it impossible to hold their silence. Arizona's Barry Goldwater sarcastically wondered aloud whether ex-Republican Morse was considering a switch back to the G.O.P., side of the aisle. Illinois' mellow-voiced Minority Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen arose to "protect" Mansfield against Morse: "Let me pay tribute to the humility and forbearance of the majority leader," said Republican Dirksen. "I know what a humble character he is. He has made an effort to harmonize 105 diverse personalities in the U.S. Senate. O great God, what an amazing and dissonant 105 personalities there are—from the orchards of Oregon and Washington, from the cotton fields of Mississippi, from the cranberry bogs of Massachusetts, from the rockbound coasts of Maine, and from the cornfields of Illinois . . ."

And so it went for five days before all present exhausted their voices, their patience and their defiance. The filibuster ended in an inconclusive truce, and the

Senate turned to voting on piled-up appropriations bills.

Embarrassing as the filibuster was to the Democratic leaders in the Senate, it was even more embarrassing to President Kennedy. Almost all of his 1962 legislative programs have been defeated or delayed in Congress by a coalition of, as he put it, "nearly all the Republicans and a handful of Democrats." Now Democratic Senate liberals were filibustering against him. This could only be galling to the man who won the presidency on the promise to get the U.S. "moving again"—and was in the humiliating position of having failed even to budge the lopsidedly Democratic U.S. Congress.

THE ATOM

Six Ambiguous Words

Was it a mountain? Or a molehill? Did it represent a significant change (or, as some thought, retreat) from longstanding U.S. policy toward an atomic test-ban treaty with Russia? Or was it just a new way of speaking that would lead to more interminable talk? Whatever it was, President Kennedy at his press conference last week clung to six ambiguous words to describe the new U.S. position on a minimum detection system for a test ban: "Internationally monitored, supervised national control posts."

If the words could be broken down one by one, national control posts seemed to say that the U.S. was abandoning its insistence that the staff of detection stations on Russian soil include non-Russians. Just how much protection "internationally monitored, supervised" would give against Soviet cheating was still to be seen, but the new U.S. methods for detecting underground explosions seemed to have convinced the Administration that fewer on-site control stations are needed now.

On one point the President was explicit: the U.S. still demands the right of foreign inspection teams to travel into Russia to investigate any suspicious activities reported by the "national control posts" (those that would be Russian-manned would hardly be suspicious by nature). The White House said that any ambiguity would be left to U.S. Negotiator Arthur Dean to clear up whenever he saw an appropriate opportunity at Geneva. As for the Russians, this week they resumed nuclear testing with a big atmospheric explosion. The State Department promptly announced continued U.S. efforts for a test ban "despite" the Soviet's move.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

A Matter of Money

From the moment that former Army General James ("Slim Jim") Gavin assumed his duties as U.S. Ambassador to France last year, he came under snipers' fire at home and abroad. He did not speak French and did not know diplomacy, they said. As a World War II paratrooper commander, a major general at 37, the Army's chief of Research and Development at 48, he was a contentious man who had quit the Army in 1958 because his views were

rejected. How could such a man tiptoe among diplomats? Thus when Gavin's resignation was announced last week, the snipers nodded knowingly.

Gavin did differ sharply with the Kennedy Administration on one of the touchiest issues which separate the U.S. and France: President de Gaulle's insistence that France create its own nuclear force apart from NATO. In plainly worded reports home, Gavin argued that De Gaulle is determined to build his atomic force with or without U.S. cooperation, and that the U.S. might as well help on everything short of the warheads themselves. Kennedy presented Gavin's arguments to the National Security Council, then advised him that the U.S. still objected to the whole notion. But White House and Paris officials agree that the nuclear issue had no substantial bearing on Gavin's resignation. Declared a White House aide: "The President wants ambassadors to report their true feelings. There was never



AMBASSADOR GAVIN
Not even a nick.

any break, not even a nick, in the personal confidence of the President in Gavin." Insists Gavin: "There is no tie-in between my departure and national nuclear policy—none whatever. I am fully behind the President in his nuclear policy vis-à-vis France and Europe."

Gavin was admitted to the frosty presence of President de Gaulle as often as a U.S. ambassador might expect to be, and French newspapers never failed to point out that his first visit to France was on D-day, by jump with his 82nd Airborne Division. Last week France's most influential newspaper, *Le Monde*, warmly praised "his profound learning, his total honesty, his devotion to his duty."

The basic reason for Gavin's resignation involved neither policy nor performance. It was mostly a matter of money. A career soldier, who had served only briefly (1958-61) as a top executive of the industrial research firm of Arthur D. Little,

Inc., Gavin, at 45, was worried about educating his four young daughters and building an estate. As ambassador, he drew an annual salary of \$27,500 and had been given an increased expense allowance of \$25,650—but in today's era of mass wine-and-dine diplomacy, he was losing money. His most likely successor: Career Diplomat Charles ("Chip") Bohlen, 57, who is not particularly in the chips either.

CRIME

Life & Death

In Chicago, Negro Paul Crump, 37, read from the Bible and Socrates, watched the lights of his Cook County cell flicker as officials tested the electric chair behind a green steel door just 20 steps away. He was waiting, as he had been through nine years and 14 reprieves, to die for the holdup-slaying of a Chicago industrial guard.

But as he waited, famed publicity-sensitive Trial Lawyer Louis (*My Life in Court*) Nizer, who entered the case without fee at the last minute, brought tears even to the eyes of opposing Assistant State's Attorney James Thompson with the eloquence of his plea that Crump be spared because he was "a rehabilitated man, a newborn man, a transformed personality." Nizer read from 57 affidavits attesting to Crump's change of character, including one from the warden—the culmination of a massive public drive by columnists, clergymen and penologists to establish the principle that prison can reform a killer, and that when it does he should not die.

Faced with the kind of decision that must torture the conscience of a Governor, Democrat Otto Kerner (a onetime county judge) spared the condemned man's life, changed Crump's sentence to 100 years "without parole"—a condition that some lawyers doubt that a Governor can legally impose.

In Corona, Calif., Elizabeth ("Ma") Duncan, 58, waited in women's prison for transfer to San Quentin, where she was scheduled to die in a gas chamber for being so jealous of the 30-year-old nurse who married her son that she hired two thugs to kill the bride in 1943.

Far from reading philosophy in jail, state officials claimed. Ma Duncan had plotted to kill a matron and break out. At her clemency hearing, her son Frank, 33, argued that his mother was "periodically" mentally ill; that "she had a tremendous fear of, frankly, losing me. She needed someone to whom she could come home, someone to cook for, to keep house for," he contended, ignoring the fact that Mrs. Duncan had been married at least ten times. There was no public drive to save Mrs. Duncan: of 220 messages on her case reaching Governor Brown, 164 urged that she and her hired hands be executed.

Faced with his own opposition to capital punishment, and perhaps mindful of the harmful political effects of his vacillations in the Carl Chessman case, Governor Pat Brown said he was "unable to find circumstances to interfere with Ma Duncan's imminent execution."

POLITICS

Ole Frank

"How long, oh how long America?" cried Tennessee's Democratic Governor Frank Clement, most eminent alumnus of Mrs. Dockie Shipp Weems's School of Expression in Nashville, in his corn-filled keynote speech to the 1956 Democratic National Convention. For Frank Clement's political future, it soon began to appear that how long would not be very Clement left the governor's mansion in 1959, practiced law in Nashville and receded into an unwanted silence.

But last week it became clear that Tennessee would hear more from Clement—lots more. At age 42, he made a political comeback by beating two other men in a primary, which virtually assures him the governorship in November. He won the way he always has—with words. Clement loves words—particularly the first person singular. In one 30-minute campaign speech he mentioned himself exactly 243 times. In the same vein, he recalled to a Centerville audience that "I came down here as a boy and cut a right of way 20 feet wide and dug holes six and eight feet deep and set poles and strung wire. I'll guarantee you that within the last 24 hours half the people in this audience have turned on electricity that Frank Clement put in your homes." Where he had once made hay as a boy wonder (he was first elected Governor in 1952 at 32), he now preached maturity. Orating to the accompaniment of hillbilly music, he portrayed himself as "Ole Frank," a "country boy," and allowed as how he would make a better chief executive than ever, because he was "ten years older, ten years more mature, and, I hope, ten years wiser."

His opponents tried to tag him with his friendship with Billie Sol Estes, Billie Sol and Clement, both named among the

Junior Chamber of Commerce's "Outstanding Young Men" of 1953, became pretty good buddies: Clement named Billie Sol an honorary colonel on the Governor's staff; Billie Sol cut Clement in on a couple of financial deals. But that didn't seem to matter. The people of Tennessee apparently just love to hear Frank Clement talk. And so does he.

A Fifth for Faubus

For the first time since he became Governor in 1955, Arkansas' Orval Faubus went sleepless on election night. Seeking a fifth two-year term, Faubus faced five opponents in the Democratic primary. Observers thought the vote would be tight, and many had visions of a runoff election against Segregationist Congressman Dale Alford or moderate ex-Governor Sid McMath. As it turned out, Faubus could have stood in bed: he pulled in about 52% of the votes, more than the combined total won by Alford, McMath and



WINNER GILLIS LONG & WIFE
Go the family trail.

It wasn't—but it sounded close enough. The caller was Attorney Gillis Long, 39, who is a cousin-type of Huey and of Huey's brother Earl,* and "double-third cousin" of Huey's son, Senator Russell Long. Last week Gillis joined the family's highly successful political firm. He won the Democratic primary nomination in Louisiana's Eighth District, unseating Congressman Harold McSweeney, while Cousin Russell easily got renominated for a third term in the U.S. Senate.

Until Gillis came through last week there had been a possibility that Russell might be pressured into giving up his Senator's seat and seniority by running for Governor in 1964 in order to maintain the Long dynasty back home. Russell has been in the Senate for almost 14 years and has established himself as a conscientious liberal (except on the segregation issue). At 43, he is the third-ranking Democrat (after Harry Byrd and Robert Kerr) on the powerful Senate Finance Committee, the sixth-ranking member of the Foreign Relations Committee. With patience Russell is almost certain to become chairman of one or the other group in time. He was thus understandably reluctant to leave the Senate.

With Gillis' victory, the pressure is off Russell. Gillis, who has served in Washington as counsel for Senate and House committees now has vote-getting ability to show, as well as the flamboyant platform manner that comes naturally to the Longs. An obvious possibility for Governor, he disclaims any intention of running, but admits that he might "be interested in other things somewhere down the road." It's only 5:30 in the morning of a Long political life—but, as Gillis himself might say, daylight is acomin'.



WINNER FAUBUS & WIFE
Behind in Little Rock.

three other also-rans. The one place where his opposition beat him was Pulaski County, home of Little Rock (where 42 Negro students went peacefully to integrated schools last term, five years after all the fuss Faubus made). In Little Rock, Faubus got only 40% of the vote.

During the campaign, Faubus, for the most part, avoided talking on segregation, astutely carved out for himself the image of a moderate. The results, he said, proved "that the people do not wish to wander in the thickets of extremism to either the right or the left."

Daylight Acomin'

It was 5:30 in the morning when the jangling phone awakened a politician in Louisiana. "Hey," said a familiar voice "time to get up—daylight is acomin'!" "Lordamighty!" cried the politician. "It's Earl Long—returned from the dead!"



WINNER CLEMENT & WIFE
Back from unwanted silence.



STARLINGS IN FLIGHT

Chirping motors may have been the come-on.

THE SOUTH

"In Changing Times"

President Kennedy last week addressed himself to civil strife in Albany, Ga. "I find it wholly inexplicable," said he at his press conference, "why the city council of Albany will not sit down with the citizens of Albany, who may be Negroes, and attempt to secure them, in a peaceful way, their rights. The U.S. Government is involved in sitting down at Geneva with the Soviet Union. I can't understand why the government of Albany . . . cannot do the same for American citizens."

As he spoke, whites and Negroes were at least sitting down in the same room in Albany, Ga., but it was in a federal courtroom, not at a bargaining table. The city fathers, having lost one order restraining mass Negro protests over segregation (TIME, Aug. 3), were trying to revive it. But as Mayor Asa Kelley Jr. said, "At the rate this hearing is going, we'll be here until the next generation."

The key witness was Police Chief Laurie Pritchett, 36, who testified for twelve hours. More than anyone else, Pritchett is responsible for keeping Albany (where

about 1,000 demonstrators, Negroes and whites, have been arrested since December) from turning into a bloody battleground. A tough (220 lbs.) but affable professional, Pritchett has won the respect of both sides in the Albany dispute: the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. thinks that Pritchett is the best Southern police chief he has ever met. Says Pritchett: "I'm Southern through and through. I'm conscious of my roots here, and they go deep. But I know we're living in changing times. I know we've got to adapt ourselves to these things . . . Besides—it's my job to see the law's enforced."

Even when pop bottles and rocks were being thrown at his men, Pritchett and his forces were able to keep matters in hand without the use of clubs or guns. One night last week, when 16 Negroes gathered before the city hall to pray and sing hymns, Pritchett angrily rushed to the scene. He was irritated, he explained, because he had been told that the Negroes would forgo a demonstration that evening so that he could observe his twelfth wedding anniversary at home in peace. The Negroes obligingly dispersed, and Pritchett went home to continue his family celebration.

The combination of Pritchett's talent and the generally nonviolent character of the Negro protests notwithstanding, Albany's problems are still far from solved. Answering President Kennedy, Mayor Kelley insisted that "we will never negotiate with any person whose announced purpose in being in our city is to turn the city upside down." By "any person," Kelley specifically meant Martin Luther King, who had been judged only a week earlier for the third time in eight months.

As the injunction hearings continued this week, both whites and Negroes doggedly refused to budge from their positions—leaving nothing for the foreseeable future but a stalemate.

AVIATION

Diversity in Death

There was small comfort for air travelers in four Civil Aeronautics Board crash reports issued last week. They seemed mostly to indicate the diversity of ways in which people can be killed while flying. The CAB findings:

► An Eastern Air Lines Electra crash on

Oct. 4, 1960, just after take-off from Boston's Logan International Airport (62 dead, 10 survivors), was probably caused by starlings sucked into three of the aircraft's four Allison turboprop engines. The birds' bodies clogged the turbines so that power was insufficient to keep the Electra airborne. Two Federal Aviation Agency scientists had already raised an eerie possibility. Wrote they after studying sound patterns: "The Electra sound spectrum contains an audible chirp which appears identical in frequency and wave form to the chirp of field crickets. Field observations strongly indicate that the sound of the taxiing Electra exerts an attraction for starlings, and possibly other birds, particularly in the fall in the Northeast, when insects suddenly become less plentiful."

► An Aerovion de México DC-8 crashed and burned after an aborted take-off from New York's Idlewild Airport on Jan. 19, 1961 (4 dead, 102 survivors), apparently primarily because Eastern Air Lines Pilot William B. Poe closed the throttles just after lift-off. Poe, on hand to check out the plane's Mexican crew, was misled by an evidently faulty air-speed indicator which made him think the aircraft was not picking up speed fast enough to sustain flight.

► A Beechcraft Bonanza air taxi en route from New York's LaGuardia Airport to East Hampton, L.I., crashed as it was attempting to land after a door came open on take-off (four dead—including Mrs. Angie Biddle Duke, wife of the State Department chief of protocol). As a possible reason for the crash, CAB suggested that the roar of air rushing past the open door space may have panicked one of the three women passengers into interfering with the controls or the pilot.

► A Continental Air Lines Boeing 707 was blown up by dynamite in mid-air near the Iowa-Missouri border last May 22 (45 dead). Said CAB: "All the evidence leads logically to the conclusion that a dynamite device was placed in the used-towel bin of the right rear lavatory with the express intent to destroy the aircraft." The Federal Bureau of Investigation reported that before the flight, Victim Thomas G. Doty, 34, who faced prosecution for armed robbery, bought some dynamite and \$275,000 worth of life insurance payable to his wife.



COOL COP PRITCHETT AT WORK
Southern through and through.

THE WORLD

ALGERIA

The Victor—for the Moment

The last time Ahmed ben Bella saw Algiers' airport, he was handcuffed and accompanied by French guards who were transporting him to France and 5½ years in prison. Last week Ben Bella (45) returned to Algiers in triumph, ruler now of Algeria after an audacious, month-long struggle for power that led his crisis-weary country close to civil war.

So thick were the crowds that surged to greet Ben Bella's plane when it touched down at Maison Blanche Airport that an Algerian army officer in a paratroop uniform fired a Tommy gun in the air to clear a path for him. With sirens screaming, 30 motorcycle cops led the motorcade on a wild ride into downtown Algiers. Switching lanes with abandon and totally disregarding one-way street signs, the cars alternately sped along at 60 m.p.h. or were caught in bumper-to-bumper jams as the screaming populace boiled forward to see its new leader. Finally the caravan reached the prefecture of the Provisional Government, overlooking Algiers' waterfront: carried inside on the shoulders of his joyous followers. Ben Bella met and shook hands with Algeria's vanquished and all-but-forgotten Premier, Benyousséf Benkhedda—thus ending, at least for the moment, the new country's first major crisis.

Disgruntled Military. Ben Bella won by the simple tactic of outwitting his enemies until they realized that public opinion was on his side. Holed up in the rugged Kabylia region, where they had promised to fight to "the last drop of blood," his two chief opponents, shrewd, sick (he has only one lung) Mohammed Boudiaf and clever, tough Belkacem Krim, finally saw the futility of their fight, agreed to negotiations with Ben Bella's top aide, Mohammed Khider. Boudiaf and Krim capitulated without even a face-saving compromise. They accepted intact Ben Bella's seven-man politburo, which included Boudiaf but excluded Krim. Premier Benkhedda passed all policymaking power over to the politburo, will remain on as figurehead chief of government until elections to the new Constituent Assembly on Aug. 27. He won only a promise "in principle" from Ben Bella that the Constituent Assembly would be allowed to "re-examine" the membership of the politburo after the elections.

The victory engineered by Ben Bella presumably assures Algeria a measure of political stability, though it fails to resolve the new nation's basic problem—what to do with the army and its disgruntled general staff.

Algeria's six *wilayas* (zones) are in effect independent military fiefs with no real allegiance to any central government in Algiers. So powerful are the *wilayas* that any candidates Ben Bella nominates for the scheduled elections' Constituent

Assembly must have their approval. Theoretically the 60,000-man army (the A.L.N.) is a single national force, but actually it is composed of half a dozen more or less autonomous units with no disposition to centralize authority.

The most powerful force in the A.L.N. is former Army Chief of Staff Colonel Houari Boumedienne, 37, a gaunt, chain-smoking ascetic who wears no insignia on his ill-fitting khaki uniform. One of the best-educated men in the F.L.N., Boumedienne attended the two finest Moslem universities, al-Azhar in Cairo and Zitouna in Tunis, is the editor of a military review, *El Djiech* (The Army). At pres-

secretaries. In Oran it is almost impossible to find a mechanic, a locksmith or a crane operator. Entire districts are without telephone service because there are no European repairmen or linemen left. The teacher shortage is so desperate that there is doubt that the schools will be able to open in the fall, and the equally severe scarcity of doctors has raised the fear of epidemics. "You ask what is working in Algeria," said a young Provisional Government official, "Monsieur, I can tell you that if anything works it is a miracle."

No Analogies. Ben Bella has apparently decided to deal with the problem of the troublesome army later, hoping that his



AHMED BEN BELLA (CENTER) & AIDES[®] ENTERING ALGIERS
Privilege will be liquidated, but what to do with the army?

ent, Boumedienne backs Ben Bella, but he wants to make the army the backbone of the Algerian nation. Boumedienne opposes close economic ties with France as a form of "neo-colonialism," is against the presence of Europeans in an independent Algeria. Some anti-Ben Bella *wilaya* commanders, however, disagree with Boumedienne on these matters, vow that they will refuse to obey his orders.

Withering on the Vine. This year, half of Algeria's 1,000,000 Europeans have fled; the French government tried to minimize this exodus as a "seasonal departure," to which the satiric weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* replied: "A seasonal departure which takes place once every 132 years." The wine harvest, which provides 50% of Algeria's exports, is withering on the vine as farmers leave for France, and one of the best wheat crops in history will barely top last year's drought harvest.

What is hurting Algeria most, however, is not the leaving of businessmen, farmers or even engineers, but the departure of the skilled technicians, the foremen and

hold on the public imagination will balance its strength. As his first order of business, he is desperately trying not only to prevail on the remaining Europeans to stay in Algeria, but also to entice departed *pièdes-noirs* back. In his calmest speech yet, he said last week:

"I have been compared to Fidel Castro, to Nasser and many others. One should be careful in drawing such analogies. We mean to undertake a specific experiment in Algeria. There is the socialism of Mao Tse-tung and the socialism of [moderate former French Premier] Guy Mollet. For us, socialism means the liquidation of privileges." But, said Ben Bella, there would still be a "place for a free, capitalist economy. We do not intend to nationalize." And in his most important promise, Ben Bella vowed to maintain Algeria's ties to France, as specified in the Evian agreements. "The French government must help us," he said. "I believe it is disposed to do so."

® Politburo Members Mohammed Khider (left), Mohammed Said

COMMON MARKET

What Negotiations Are For

On cricket bats, polo sticks and tea, Britain and the European Common Market reached full accord last week. Such essential adjuncts to the British way of life will continue to be imported duty-free from India and Ceylon if Britain joins the Market. Despite such progress, the protracted negotiations for British admission came close to foundering over the pivotal issue of food prices.

From the start, Britain has insisted that it cannot join the European community without trade protection for Commonwealth food producers, chiefly New Zealand and Australia, whose grain, meat and dairy exports compete directly with European farm products. Britain is asking Europe's Six to limit their own, costlier food production by keeping farm prices low. However, the Common Market nations would promise nothing more specific than "reasonable" prices, while Britain demands hard and fast guarantees on an issue so vital to the future of the Commonwealth.

At week's end, Britain's chief negotiator, Lord Privy Seal Edward Heath, was about the only member of his team who seemed unfrustrated by the setback. "This is what negotiations are for," he shrugged. "We have been expecting difficulties to arise, and they have." But in a final 22-hour session aimed at breaking the stalemate, Heath's team failed to win the clear-cut safeguards it sought. With no hope of obtaining an overall accord in time for the Commonwealth conference in London next month, Britain and the Six adjourned the talks, agreed to try again in October.

UNITED NATIONS

Carpio's Caper

For years, African nations in the General Assembly have demanded U.N. control over South West Africa, a bleak plateau (300,000 sq. mi.) that South Africa still clutches under an old League of Nations mandate. For years, South Africa has even refused to allow the U.N.'s South West Africa Committee into the area. Then, last spring, Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd suddenly invited Committee Chairman Victorio D. Carpio of the Philippines to come and have a look. As it turned out, he had picked his man well.

Before setting out on his inspection tour, Lawyer Carpio, the Philippines' longtime representative in the U.N., had bitterly denounced South Africa's oppressive, apartheid-based rule; he insisted that "decisive action is necessary in order to prevent an explosive situation from degenerating into racial war." But after he and Vice Chairman Salvador Martinez de Alva of Mexico had a carefully guided tour of South West Africa, Carpio was whistling a different tune. His report, issued in the odd form of a joint communiqué with Verwoerd, failed to mention apartheid or any threat to peace. Back in Manhattan, the full committee exploded



HEATH'S "KEY QUESTION"
Bigger than cricket bats.

in anger at its chairman, who was furiously backpedaling. He denied signing the joint communiqué, insisting that during the drafting he was ill, particularly ("I accuse no one") after a cup of morning coffee with Jolly Host Verwoerd.

In the meantime, having been appointed Philippine Ambassador to Cairo, Carpio last week blamed the communiqué on his Mexican fellow traveler, Martinez de Alva. Later he leaked a new report that completely reversed the first findings, called South Africa's rule of the territory a violation of "the enlightened conscience of mankind." Carpio's reversals simply played into Verwoerd's anti-U.N. hand. Wrote the opposition *Rand Daily Mail* of Carpio's caper: "It has destroyed perhaps entirely the healthier relationship that was hesitatingly and gropingly established between the U.N. and South Africa."



CARPIO & VERWOERD
Backpedaling from Africa.

NEW GUINEA

Settlement at Huntlands

Over the roads near Middleburg, Va., a convoy of limousines daily moved into a lavish colonial estate called Huntlands, only three miles from President Kennedy's winter weekend spot, Glen Ora. Shielded from prying eyes by a high, cream-colored brick wall, diplomats from The Netherlands and Indonesia met with U.S. Mediator Ellsworth Bunker, former U.S. Ambassador to Argentina, Italy and India, to try to negotiate their dispute over the control of Netherlands New Guinea. Last week, after 4½ weary months, the negotiators shook hands on a deal.

Under its terms, The Netherlands will turn West Irian (as the Indonesians call Dutch New Guinea) over to U.N. stewardship until next May 1, at which time administrative control of the territory will pass to Indonesia. No later than 1969 (giving the Indonesians six years to establish their control) Indonesia will conduct a U.N.-supervised plebiscite in West Irian in which the colony's 700,000 Papuans will decide either on independence or final annexation by Indonesia.

The Huntlands agreement, still to be ratified by the Dutch and Indonesian governments, was succinctly described by a State Department official: "The Indonesians got Dutch New Guinea, which was inevitable, and the Dutch got off with most of their pride, which was not inevitable." Satisfied that they do not have to turn their former colony directly over to Indonesia and that provisions for an eventual plebiscite have been made, the Dutch are expected to accept. What Indonesia does is subject as always to the whim of its mercurial President Sukarno, who has been waging a nasty little paratroop war against the Dutch over the disputed territory. If Sukarno accepts the agreement, it means that he will have to back down from his longstanding boast that he would throw the Dutch out of western New Guinea by next Jan. 1. Said an Indonesian diplomat to a Dutch newspaperman: "The big Bung [brother] will have to decide. If the Bung says 'Yes,' you are my good old Dutch friend; if the Bung says 'No,' you are my good old Dutch enemy."

COMMUNISTS

The Uninvited Guests

From all over the world, 10,000 delegates went to the Red-run World Youth Festival in Helsinki last week, and a terrible time was had by all.

Long before opening day, the precariously neutral Finns had warned party planners from Moscow that there was "scant domestic support" for the propaganda jamboree. Besides, the government added, theaters, stadiums and schools

* Huntlands was lent to the Government by its millionaire Texas owners, George and Herman Brown, who are friends of Vice President Lyndon Johnson.

needed for festival functions were all under repair and would not be ready in time to accommodate the visitors. But after a little pressure from Moscow on Finnish President Urho K. Kekkonen, Helsinki's Olympic Stadium suddenly became available for the opening session. City officials offered 36 schools; ample television coverage was promised. A Cabinet statement cautioned the heavily anti-Russian country—that Finnish independence would be jeopardized by even the smallest “pinpricks that would create irritation and controversy around the festival.” Replied Professor of Chemistry A. I. Virtanen, head of the Finnish Academy: “The correct attitude of Finnish youth toward their uninvited guests should be: ‘We do not know them.’”

Floating Hotel. In a kind of underground war against the uninvited guests, Finnish students hired away all of Helsinki's charter buses, requiring the Russians to bring in their own fleet. The students booked all the available hotel space so that the Russians, Poles and East Germans were forced to house their delegations aboard ships that had carried them to Finland. Africans from Moscow's Lumumba University traveled second-class by rail, their wallets stuffed with rubles worthless in Finland. From Britain came ban-the-bombers; Cuba dispatched Fidelistas; Guinea sent a troupe of dazzling, costumed dancers. About 100 anti-Communists had infiltrated the earnest pacifists, all-purpose beatniks, and party-liners of the 450-member U.S. group. The anti-Communists, including several from the Goldwatering Young Americans for Freedom, tried, mostly in vain, to get the floor at festival seminars. They soon found that by publishing a daily festival newspaper in three languages (French, Spanish and English), they could win a wider audience.

The main event at the festival was not on the program. On the night before the opening, in the city's main streets, crowds of Finnish teen-agers silently gathered around several buses loaded with delegates. Someone threw a stone through a bus window, someone else heaved a beer bottle, and in a flash the scene turned into a full-scale riot. White-capped police used truncheons to subdue the anti-Communists, even roughed up Police Chief Erik Gabrielson (whom they failed to recognize in a business suit). Soviet Poet Evgeny Yevtushenko, a member of the Moscow delegation, was so upset by the anti-Red rioters that he rushed back to his floating hotel, the white-bulled *Gracia*, and dashed off a frenzied poem called *Sniveling Fascism*, which he later read on Russian TV. Excerpts:

*There are no bad people!
But without any pity
I am going to tell you
Without accusing the hosts
That each people has its wretched
creatures.
I'll tell you about these skunks,
Listen to me!*

*I knew about fascism
through books
and movies,
And here I saw it in action.
Fascism stood up in my face smelling of
whisky...
Fascism was noisily chewing gum.
It was sniveling
covered with pimples
and
tow-haired...
And if I had not been a Communist
before,
That night
I would have become a Communist!*

Two-Car Garage. On the second night of the festival, a crowd of 5,000 young Finns—some shouting anti-Communist slogans, some just adolescents shouting anything that came to mind—refused to disperse from the area near the Old Student House in the downtown section of

GREAT BRITAIN Lebensraum for Oswald

On Ridley Road, a poor, predominantly Jewish street in London's East End, mounted police and a muttering crowd waited for a scene that might have come from a newsreel of the 1930s. A generation ago, Sir Oswald Mosley and his Jew-baiting Blackshirts often strutted down Ridley Road; their visits almost always ended in savage street fighting.

At a Mosley rally on the same street last week, the script was little changed. First came some 30 members of Mosley's neo-Fascist Union Movement, chanting: “Jews out! Jews out!” When Leader Mosley appeared, the jeering crowd surged toward him and knocked him to the ground. Struggling to his feet, the 65-year-old sometime M.P. mounted an open truck amid a hail of rotten fruit and



SIR OSWALD MOSLEY MANHANDLED BY EAST ENDERS
in a rerun of the '30s, a still shrill ghost.

the city. Finally, mounted police charged the youngsters, while other cops hurled tear-gas and wielded fire hoses. Next evening, there was a repeat bout. Total arrests in four days of riots: 140.

Moscow was furious, the Finns were defiant, and the festival had all the makings of a serious international incident. Clearly it was up to nimble neutralist President Kekkonen (who has two cars in his garage, a Cadillac and a ZIS) to say he was sorry about the whole thing. Sternly he denounced the “irresponsible behavior of youth circles in the capital.” Irresponsible or not, Finnish youth had revealed the ingrained anti-Russian bitterness that lies beneath the veneer of Finnish neutrality. It is a vivid memory that many of the delegates will be taking home with them when the festival ends this week. Not that all of them are going home: 14 East German delegates saw their opportunity in Helsinki and defected to the West.

heavy English pennies (which were seldom so wasted in Depression days). Before he could open the meeting, the brawl was on. Within minutes, Mosley was led away under heavy police escort, while grim-faced bobbies arrested 54.

Back to Arminius. Mosley, a still shrill ghost who returned to Britain from self-imposed exile in France and Ireland in 1958 (he had been detained in England early in World War II), is having a minor revival. Neo-Fascists have about as much influence as neo-Druids would have, but in an economically and politically uneasy Britain, Mosley's clumsy thrusts at the Jews and colored immigrants whom he blames for “economic crises” no longer seemed merely eccentric. The Ridley Road riot was the third such outburst that Mosley's men had provoked in three weeks (total arrests: 155). Another free-swinging battle erupted in Trafalgar Square last month during a rally held by

the National Socialist Movement, a minuscule offshoot of Mosley's group, whose members wear storm trooper uniforms, parrot Goebbels' anti-Semitic slogans, and hang pictures of Hitler on the walls of their seamy Baywater headquarters.

A third fascist group is led by Andrew Fountaine, a wealthy landowner who envisages a northern Europe community from which Jews and Negroes would be excluded; the group uses as its symbol the sun wheel emblem of Arminius, leader of the Germanic tribes that were said to have preserved Aryan "purity" by defeating the Romans in A.D. 9. Mosley still leads Britain's biggest fascist party, but police doubt that all three groups among them total 5,000 members.*

Let Him Drown. Britain's Hyde Park tradition of letting a man say what he pleases has been getting a nervous re-examination because of these incidents, but since nobody can figure out just where to draw the line on limiting freedom of speech, the prevailing view, in the words of London's *Evening Standard*, is that instead of making a martyr of "this pitiful and eccentric figure," Britons should ignore Mosley and "allow him to drown in his own paranoia." That seems to be the government's intention. At week's end, Home Secretary Henry Brooke declined requests to suppress fascist rallies, even though they seemed likely to result in violence.

* Though bitterly anti-American, Mosley financed British-style fascism on a fortune inherited by his first wife from her grandfather, Chicago merchant prince Levi Z. Leiter. After her death he married Diana Mitford, whose blonde-sister Unity was Hitler's good friend. In the '20s, before his fascist days, he was seriously reckoned as a future Prime Minister.

FRANCE

Revolt on the Farm

Most Frenchmen would be delighted to have Brigitte Bardot as a neighbor, but dour fellow farmers in Orne, west of Paris, remain faithful to the stern old cult that holds: "Grazing and tilling are the two breasts of France." They call BB a *cumular*, or land-grabber, and bewail the fact that in recent years the actress and 37 other wealthy city slickers—among them Movie Actor Jean Gabin—have all staked out exurbanite estates in Orne. This has inflated land values (current price: up to \$900 an acre) and displaced tenant farmers, who complain that they can no longer find farms to rent in the region.

Fortnight ago, 700 local peasants advertised their ire by descending before dawn on Bonnefoi, the 400-acre farm owned by Tough Guy Gabin, 58, who recently bought up two other nearby holdings totaling 250 acres. The posse cut the phone lines and otherwise vandalized his property while their spokesmen argued with Gabin, who refused to rent his land to tenants, announced angrily and in haste that he would sell his two new farms—in all probability, to other *cumulars*, since they are worth nearly \$200,000. Last week public indignation at the farmers' lawless tactics, raising memories of the 14th century *Jacquerie*,* prompted Premier Georges Pompidou to declare that his government "will not tolerate" such "unacceptable acts of violence."

In fact, though illegal raids and de-

* In which the peasants revolted against high taxes and oppression, pillaged and massacred until the insurrection was crushed by Charles the Bad.

structive boycotts by farmers have become increasingly common over the past few years, no French government has dared take action. Last week, armed with an ambitious new agricultural reform law, Agriculture Minister Edgar Pisani set out instead to reorganize a chaotic farm structure that, as one French farm leader cracked, "makes the United States problem of overproduction seem simple by contrast."

Army of Middlemen. The main trouble with French farms is smallness: 79% are of fewer than 50 acres, while 17% are smaller than five acres. Napoleonic inheritance laws, by which a farmer's land is divided equally among his male heirs, only accelerate this process, which the French call *morcellement* (literally, morselization). Though such small-scale farming is basically uneconomic, more than 20% of France's population clings to the land, while earning less than 10% of the national income.

In recent years, Brittany's artichoke and potato growers have been dumping their produce in the streets in dramatic protest over their lot. They complain that they get less than one-third of what the customer pays for their produce, with the rest going to an army of rapacious middlemen. The farmer also suffers from an antiquated distribution system by which 55% of all produce consumed throughout France has first to be trucked in and out of Paris' ancient *Les Halles* market, which makes *Les Halles* a great tourist sight but otherwise makes no sense.

New Skills. The new farm legislation creates a "collectivization" agency—as traditionalists scoffingly call it—with power to buy and resell at reasonable prices all land that comes on the market, plus most of some 11 million idle acres whose ownership is in dispute;† the agency will have authority to designate maximum and minimum sizes for new farms, thus protecting peasants simultaneously against *cumulars* and *morcellement*. To help farmers get higher prices, the new law allows them to set up cooperatives, regional wholesale centers and local marketing boards. And to weed out marginal farms, the government offers farmers better and earlier pensions (at 65), will also pay to retrain them in other skills.

France, which already has half of all the arable land area in Europe's Common Market, aims thus to raise productivity and sell its big annual farm surplus (notably wheat, sugar beet, meat) to Western Europe's two biggest food importers: West Germany and Britain (if and when it joins the Common Market). The knottiest problem facing Agriculture Minister Pisani is still the French farmer—who would rather depend on high price supports than high productivity, and may stubbornly resist the new legislation. As Pisani knows, no government in history has ever successfully defied the French peasant.

† The new body is known as SAFER (*Société d'Établissements Foncières et d'Économie Rurale*).



BRETON FARMERS DUMPING ARTICHOKE IN ST.-POL
In defense of the farm, tradition and the two breasts of France.



ELECTION DAY BAND IN DURRES

A gun in one hand, a pickax in the other, and no friend for 3,000 miles.



HOUSEWIVES MARKETING IN TIRANA

ALBANIA Benighted Nation

Albania is the most wretched country in Europe. Hardly anybody wants in, and most of its people, given half a chance, would like to get out.

Still, to earn desperately needed hard currency, the country's Communist bosses maintain an official guide service, Albtourist, which boasts of "incomparable Adriatic beaches" (all guarded by cruising police boats) and "centuries-old ruins." Business has been a little slack for Albtourist in the other satellite countries since Albania's quarrel with Khrushchev. Albtourist has even hopefully sent its tourist folders to a small West German travel agency in Cologne. TIME Correspondent Edward Behr decided to apply for a visa, at last entered Albania on a once-a-week Hungarian flight from Budapest to have a look at the country whose regime was described as "more blood-thirsty and retrograde than that of the czars," by no less a connoisseur than Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev.

Counting Socks. Separated from its only friend in the world, Red China, by 3,000 miles, Albania lives in an isolation both defiant and pathetic. More than 70% of its 1,700,000 people scratch a living from the collectivized soil; most of Albania's farm villages and mountain towns have changed little in the last century. Garbage flows through an open gutter cut in the middle of narrow streets; hawk-nosed men sip Turkish coffee in dim cafés while their women shoulder heavy loads of wood and barrels of scarce water. Along with the traditional poverty are Communist posters plugging Dictator Enver Hoxha's slogan: "Build socialism with a pickax in one hand and a gun in the other."

Even before the break with Khrushchev, internal security was the strictest in the world; since then it has become an obsession. Foreign visitors must fill out forms specifying the contents of their baggage down to the number of shirts, handkerchiefs and socks they are bringing into the country. Decent blankets are so rare that they must be listed sep-

arately under "valuables." So isolated are Albanians from the outside world that they are convinced that such restrictions are the normal practice everywhere.

Upon arriving in Tirana, Correspondent Behr was firmly taken in hand by a state guide from Albtourist, who accompanied him everywhere, tried to take him sight-seeing in locked buses. The guide went through the motions of passing along requests for interviews with government officials, actors, even local journalists; invariably, they were said to be sick, on vacation, or in mourning for suddenly deceased relatives.

Since no foreigner can hire a taxi in Albania, the government guide was a necessary companion. More helpful was a Japanese reporter, who teamed with Behr, was regularly saluted by Albanians, who took him for a Chinese. Outnumbering the man from Albtourist, the two newsmen occasionally split up and deliberately got lost to enjoy a few minutes on their own. These escapes never lasted long, thanks to the ubiquitous secret police, the *Sigurimi*, and other troops (one-fourth of the nation's adult manpower is in uniform). Furthermore, officials cautioned the visitors that if they did not behave themselves, they might not get an exit visa to leave the country—and that in Albania is a pretty effective threat.

Walled Beach. A special machine-gunning detachment in Tirana patrols what the handful of remaining foreign diplomats call the "ghetto"; the comfortable residential quarter in which the Communist elite have their villas. Even on the beach at Durres, Albania's chief seaside resort 25 miles west of the capital, a wall extends across the sand and into the Adriatic to keep an area reserved for the privileged separate from vacationing workers whose families share dingy tin huts on the wrong side of the barrier.

Proletarian swimmers cannot go beyond a line of buoys about 30 yards from shore; if they do, a police launch waves them back to prevent a possible escape to an occasional Greek or Italian ship that puts in at the Durres harbor. When a West German ship arrived carrying badly needed Canadian wheat—paid for by Pe-

king—it was not allowed into the harbor at all; the cargo was laboriously transferred by launch. Although Albania has 250 miles of Adriatic coastline, fish are scarce because the regime permits only a handful of politically trustworthy fishermen to venture out, since Italy is only 50 miles away.

But Albanians are not starving, and benefit from free education, medical care and other social services. Behr saw no evidence that they were in a mood to revolt. Even if they were, Hoxha's successor would probably be no better; in a demonstration of nepotism that outclasses even Hollywood, the party's top leaders are almost all related to Hoxha or Premier Mehmet Shehu.

Combined with the tight police control is an incredibly complex government bureaucracy that requires official permission to buy everything from drugs to hotel meals. Pedestrians, at least, have it easy in Tirana. There are only 400 cars in the country (ancient Russian and Czech models, except for a fleet of Mercedeses owned by the Chinese embassy); roads are still places where people talk, embrace and occasionally sleep. Nevertheless there are as many as three traffic cops at major intersections, all carrying little black-and-white batons.

Status Symbols. As a shopping center, Tirana looks like a flea market somehow expanded into a town. In the almost completely nationalized shops, a shoddy suit costs 7,000 leks, \$140 at the official exchange rate, or a little less than twice what a laborer makes a month. Attempts to industrialize Albania ended abruptly when Moscow abandoned its half-finished embassy, pulled out several thousand experts last year. The country's only large cotton plant was idle for three months; blueprints for new factories faded on the drawing board. Of the 22 Russian MIGs in Albania last year, only five can now fly because of a lack of maintenance crews. Communist China, North Korea and North Viet Nam have sent about 500 technicians, and most of these are agricultural workers who are teaching rice cultivation and establishing cottage industries along the Peking model.

Off duty, the Chinese keep strictly to

themselves. They eat in a separate dining room at the Italian-built Dajti Hotel, live in a parklike embassy compound that is constantly surrounded by guards. The latest status symbols in Tirana, worn by Albanian Communist officials who have journeyed to Red China, are a plain beige cloth cap of the type preferred by Mao Tse-tung, and aviator-type dark sunglasses, also the rage in Peking.

The dreary poverty, political repression and compulsive suspicion of foreigners do not make a trip to Albania pleasant or even fascinating. When the time came to leave, Correspondent Behr's plane was an hour late, and even the Albtourist guide realized how happy visitors are to get out. "All good things come slowly," he shrugged, and waved goodbye.

THE PHILIPPINES

Smoke in Manila

Harry S. Stonehill resembles the kind of character that the late Sydney Greenstreet used to play in all the old Warner Bros. headed-curtain thrillers. A blunt, beefy Chicagoan who changed his name from Steinberg in 1942 because "German names at that time weren't very popular," Stonehill built up a \$50 million business empire in the Philippines. "Every man has his price," said Harry Stonehill, and in the Philippines after World War II he found that the going rate was fairly cheap; at one time he boasted: "I am the government."

Stonehill's activities in the Philippines were a major embarrassment to honest President Diosdado Macapagal, who swept into office last year, vowing to clean out the corruption that had proliferated under former President Carlos Garcia. Last March Macapagal had deportation proceedings brought against Stonehill, charging him with "economic sabotage, tax evasion, political interference, misdeclaration of imports, influence peddling, and corruption of public officials." But rumors persisted that Stonehill was tied up with top members of Macapagal's own Cabinet.

Last week, as government investigators continued to poke through some 300,000 seized Stonehill documents, Macapagal accepted the resignations of two Cabinet ministers; they were not guilty of any misdeeds, said the President, but they had been too closely associated with Stonehill; and members of the government, "like Caesar's wife, must be above suspicion."

Then Macapagal moved in to earnest to end Stonehill's career in the islands.

Bilko to Baron. That career began during his U.S. Army service in the Philippines in World War II, when he supplemented his lieutenant's pay with some off-duty wheeling and dealing that enabled him to drive a Cadillac. After discharge, Lieut. Bilko decided to stay in the Philippines, where the living was easy. He made a nest egg selling Christmas cards, soon graduated to army surplus. When import restrictions went up on U.S. cigarettes, Stonehill began growing Virginia tobacco in the hills, became the Philippines' big-

gest cigarette baron. His own brand: Puppies.

With his booming tobacco business as a base, Harry Stonehill expanded into oil, glass and, according to government charges, bribery. He lavished presents on government officials, the government case continues, and though foreigners are forbidden to make contributions to political campaigns, freely contributed money to the candidates of his choice. Stonehill also kept telephone wiretapping equipment handy, maintained a complete dossier on all his government contacts. Winking at Stonehill's illegalities became almost a governmental tic; investigators charge that he illegally imported cigarette paper into the country, declaring the shipments as "school supplies," and manufactured cigarettes illegally. Another charge: that he smuggled \$34 million out of the



HARRY STONEHILL & FAMILY
School supplies turned into Puppies.

Philippines when dollar exports were illegal without a license.

The Brothers Doe. What finally started the case against Stonehill was the testimony of a disgruntled former employee named Menhart Spielman, who last March filed a charge of attempted murder against his ex-boss and one of his cronies. A few weeks later, Spielman disappeared from Manila. The government alleges that he was bludgeoned to death on a motor launch on the Sulu Sea, is prosecuting for murder three Moro seamen, a business associate of Stonehill's, and "John, Robert, Richard and Peter Doe."

Last week, haggard and forlorn, claiming that his health would be impaired if the hearings continued, Stonehill, 44, offered to leave the Philippines voluntarily—a move that would permit his eventual return. But Macapagal wanted no part of Stonehill now or in the future. At week's end he ordered his arrest and immediate deportation as an undesirable alien.

Macapagal's political enemies charged

that deportation was too good for Stonehill. Said José Diokno, former Justice Minister who was dismissed in May by the President: "How can the government now prosecute the corrupted when it has allowed the corrupter to go?"

SOUTH AFRICA

Disapproved Persons

When the Nationalist government jammed an anti-sabotage act through South Africa's Parliament last spring, anti-apartheid Author Alan (*Cry the Beloved Country*) Paton asked, "What will be next? To make lists of disapproved persons? To confiscate their property and make them wear a yellow star?" Last week a list of disapproved persons was indeed issued by the South African government, and Justice Minister Johannes Vorster explained blandly that the list merely "closes certain loopholes" of the law.

The 102 listed persons (including 52 whites) may attend no meetings, and any editor whose newspaper even quotes one of them is liable to three years' imprisonment. If reporters were to ask Chief Albert Luthuli whether he will apply for a passport to attend the International Cultural Conference in Copenhagen, they could not print even a yes-or-no reply; Luthuli, South Africa's only Nobel Peace Prize winner, was the most prominent name on the disapproved list.

The rag applies even if the listed man lives outside of South Africa. The Liberal Party magazine *Contact* is no longer able to print articles by Party Leader Patrick Duncan, who edits it from exile in Basutoland. Actor-Playwright Cecil Williams may appear in other people's plays—as long as he does not ad-lib—but no one can appear in his. Two Capetown city councilors are allowed to attend council meetings, but their remarks must be left out of the record. No one may publish cross-examination—or even scholarly legal briefs—by Abraham Fischer, defense counsel in South Africa's mammoth treason trial and grandson of the Orange Free State territory's first Prime Minister.

In South African newspaper offices, desk men have begun keeping the list next to their style books and headline charts. Reporting the trial of Union Leader Leon Levy, charged with attending a meeting, the Johannesburg *Star* said, "Magistrate H. J. Bosman asked, 'How do you plead?' Levy: (He did plead but his words cannot be published)."

At week's end, Vorster granted newspapers permission to print a listed man's direct court testimony "as long as it is not abused to provide a forum to such persons." Most editors were not inclined to test Vorster's interpretation of abuse. Said Author Paton, who was still surprisingly unbanished: "What astounds me is that a minister with so much power, more power than anyone has had since Hitler and Stalin, can take such savage action against people who have no power at all. It reveals to me the great anxiety of our rulers."

ANGOLA

Terror & Reform

Around the entire perimeter of Angola's breezy seaport capital of Luanda ran an illuminated wire fence. Portuguese patrols checked every car entering and leaving the city. To the north, near the Congolese border, Portuguese army units beat through the 12-ft.-high elephant grass, warily on the watch for ambush; overhead, planes from Portugal's antiquated air force rolled lazily, occasionally dropping firebombs into the impenetrable forests to smoke out the enemies they knew were there.

The enemies are the 5,000 black terrorists, organized and led from Leopoldville in the neighboring Congo by expatriate Angolan Nationalist Leader Holden Roberto, who has kept the revolt against Portugal's harsh colonial rule simmering for 17 months. Convinced by their witch doctors that Portuguese bullets would turn to water, and smeared with white paste that they thought would make them invisible, the rebels last year began an orgy of terror. Armed with machetes and crude rifles made from pipe, old cans and rubber bands, they mutilated their victims because of the native belief that mutilation prevents a body from going to heaven; men's penises were chopped off and nailed to trees, women were impaled on sticks. One coffee plantation owner was forced to watch while his dead wife and children were fed into a buzz-saw.

The Portuguese retaliated with a vengeance, killed ten blacks for every white man murdered: since the rebellion began some 1,100 whites and 13,000 blacks have died violently. Portugal poured troops into the colony until it had quintupled its garrisons (to 40,000). Slowly they restored a semblance of order; now the war has settled into a sporadic series of guerrilla ambushes and sniping skirmishes.

Badly scared by the savagery of the rebellion, Portugal has begun to ease some of the more repressive practices that provoked it. But after a swing through the troubled land, TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs reports that Angola is still virtually a feudal Portuguese fief—and a tinderbox for further revolt.

Diluted Apartheid. Tentatively, the Portuguese have begun a resettlement program in the north aimed to entice Angola's black masses into new government villages offering schools, churches, and medical facilities previously unavailable to them. Though the program is showing results, it involves a slow, laborious and wary process. Usually the maneuver begins with a Portuguese army patrol finding a message in pidgin Portuguese tacked to a tree by some natives asking food or a bag of salt. The provisions are left as requested, plus a note offering safe-conduct to a resettlement village. In this way, some 250,000 Africans have so far been moved into such centers.

On the face of it, there is no apartheid in Angola. Under paternalistic Portuguese rule, the races have mixed so freely that Angola has a proportionately high mulat-



ANGOLAN CAPITAL OF LUANDA & HARBOR
In the race against time, change is still gradual and grudging.

to population. Some natives with ability have been allowed to earn good money, and today in Luanda's Continental Hotel it is common to see whites waiting on blacks. But the vast majority of Africans have been kept down by almost total lack of education and by labor laws which kept them in near bondage. These laws are now being overhauled.

Specter of Violence. Grudgingly, Portugal has allowed an infusion of foreign capital; hydroelectric plants and factories are going up, while foreign consortiums are preparing to tap Angola's oil and mineral resources. But the Portuguese keep such tight control over the use of foreign funds that many investors are scared off. New hospitals are being built in the bush, and bulldozers are plowing through Luanda's disgraceful slums, preparing new housing projects. A crash program to build new schools should double Angola's school population by 1963. Fortnight ago, the Portuguese government agreed to the opening of Angola's first university next October.

Despite such important but belated measures, there still hangs over the country the specter of future violence. Portugal's victory over the rebels was greatly aided by the bitter hostility between Holden Roberto's U.P.A. (Union of the Angolan Peoples) and the Communist-backed M.P.L.A. (Movement for the Liberation of Angola) led by Mario de Andrade, a Sorbonne-educated, Red-lining mulatto. The rival groups often seemed to hate each other worse than they hated the Portuguese: both Roberto and Andrade were the targets of assassination attempts by the other faction. Should the two organizations ever reach a truce, Angola could once more be drenched in blood. The rebels now have automatic weapons and land mines; *plastiques* trained by Algeria's F.L.N. have begun to infiltrate into Angola, ready to continue the terror with their plastic bombs.

Portugal is determined not to be forced out of Angola, and is racing against time to regain the confidence of the politically indifferent African masses. Itself one of Europe's most backward countries, politically and economically, Portugal has not made enough headway in coping with the violent forces of the African present.



NEW HOUSES IN SETTLEMENT



SENTINEL ON PLANTATION



ORPHANS IN REFUGE

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Troubled Alliance

At his desk one morning recently, Teodoro Moscoso, the Puerto Rican development expert who now bosses the U.S. end of the Alliance for Progress, penned a bluntly worded memorandum to his staff. "On Aug. 17," said Moscoso, "we mark the first anniversary of the Alliance. We 'mark' it. We do not celebrate it. There will be time enough to celebrate when we have achieved a working alliance and an extensive progress. As yet I am not satisfied that we have either."

Moscoso's candid memo amounted to official recognition of a disturbing fact. Seventeen months after President Kennedy's stirring speech announcing the *Alianza para el Progreso*, and a year after it

co's Moscoso was picked to accelerate the Alliance, there was no central clearing-house for aid requests. Washington's lending agencies operated on their own, and the State Department, which was supposed to be in overall command, was plagued by a dizzying succession of Latin American policymakers. First in charge was Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Thomas Mann, who stayed on after the Eisenhower Administration left. Next came New Deal Brain-Truster Adolph Berle, who resigned soon after the disastrous Cuban invasion. Then it was Robert Woodward, a career diplomat who lasted eight months before going to Spain as U.S. ambassador.

Obstacle Course. Second-guessing all of them were the ubiquitous White House presidential advisers, chiefly Richard

away, requiring an outstretched hand instead of a rolled-up sleeve. Only three nations—Colombia, Bolivia and Chile—have submitted ten-year master development plans as the Alliance requests. Land reform is on everyone's lips, but only a handful of countries have passed the necessary laws. As one Salvadoran businessman says, "Don't ask us to pass laws against ourselves."

By Washington's estimate, 35 million Latin Americans will benefit from Alliance projects launched in the past 17 months. But the gains are small indeed, considering the fact that Latin America's 1961 per capita gross national product was barely \$320, and its population is increasing at the rate of 2.4% every year.

On the walls of many Latin American cities, Communists, Castroites and others who would like to see democracy defeated have taken to writing *Alianza para el Progreso*. By underlining the Spanish word *para*, they change its meaning from "for" to "stops," and thus steal a slogan for themselves: "Alliance Stops Progress." Even at its best, Kennedy's nicely turned slogan could not hope to achieve all the miracles a hungry Latin America expected. President Kennedy was putting it mildly when he said last week at his press conference: "Measured against all that has to be done, I think we have to do much better."

CUBA

Voice of Castro

All day, every day, Fidel Castro's strident Radio Habana Cuba fills the hemisphere's airwaves with Communist propaganda in an effort to stir a rebellion here, provoke a riot there, create chaos everywhere. Last week one of his neighbors had had enough. In Washington, Foreign Minister José Antonio Bonilla Atiles of the Dominican Republic went before the Council of the Organization of American States to lodge an official protest that Radio Habana was "attempting to destroy—by inciting to riot and murder—our beginning democracy."

Calling itself "The Free Voice of America," Castro's radio spends 22 hours a day broadcasting its Marxist spiel in Spanish, English, Portuguese and French from six powerful transmitters, five of them 100,000 watts, in the Cuban town of Bauta, 23 miles west of Havana. Built with Swiss and Czechoslovakian equipment at an estimated cost of \$35 million, the station started operating in April 1961, and ever since has blasted the hemisphere with half-truths and diatribes.

Boss of the show is Marcos Behemara, about 34, a longtime Communist who once wrote Cuban television comedy scripts. "Guest stars" on his programs are the hemisphere's Castrophiles, who, in the fashion of World War II's Tokyo Rose and Lord Haw Haw, sometimes outdo even the Cuban Communists. Three

DAVID BENNETT



GOODWIN



ALIANZA CHIEF MOSCOSO
No time for celebration.



MARTIN

was solemnly formalized by 20 hemisphere nations at Punta del Este, the program is in trouble. Latin Americans complain that the promised aid flows slowly. U.S. planners are discouraged by the *mañana* attitude of many Latin American governments on the reciprocal social and economic reforms needed to make the U.S. aid dollars effective. Everyone realizes that there has been too much talk about what the Alliance was going to do, and not enough hard work on how to achieve those high ambitions.

Misleading Figures. By Washington's reckoning the aid figures are impressive—\$866 million pumped into Latin America thus far, another \$234 million earmarked. But the totals can be misleading. The U.S. has been sending aid to Latin America for years through a bevy of Government agencies: the Export-Import Bank, the Development Loan Fund, Point Four, and others. Lumped together, as they now are under the Alliance, these bits and pieces amounted to an average of \$504 million each year in 1959 and 1960. The \$866 million total for the Alliance, when spread over 17 months, does not represent much of a real increase.

Until last November, when Puerto Ri-

Goodwin, 30, who seemed to have a hand in every Latin American decision. Only recently have things settled down. Last week Goodwin was in Europe setting up a "world conference on middle management" to help businessmen train second-echelon executives. In firm charge at last of Latin American policy is Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Edwin Martin, 54, a career Government economist. Under him, Alliance Boss Moscoso seems to be getting the free hand he needs to make the Alliance work.

Even so, many a Latin American loan request must go through an obstacle course of government agencies. Responding to Kennedy's call for an Alliance, little Honduras, which ranks as one of the poorest of the hemisphere's nations, has applied for \$127 million to finance such projects as housing, schools and agricultural equipment. So far it has received \$6,500,000; most of its applications are gathering dust in Washington's pigeonholes.

Hand v. Sleeve. Only a few Latin American nations have made a start on the kind of thoroughgoing reform that the U.S. insists must be their share of the Alliance. In too many countries, the Alliance was regarded as a great new give-



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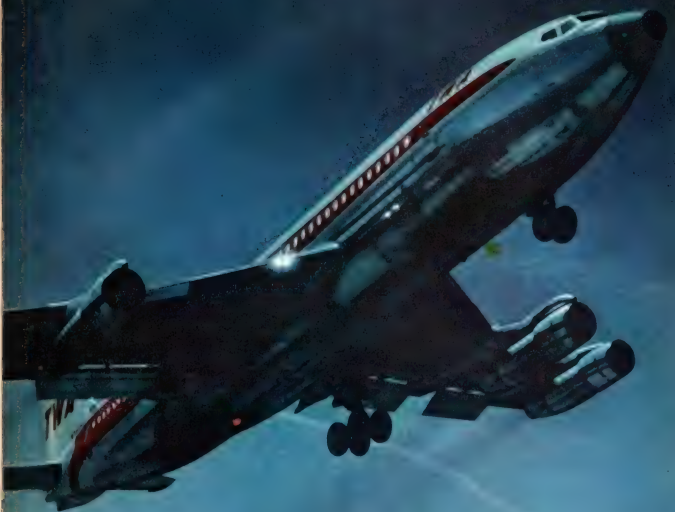


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BEARDLESS BARBARA & DAUGHTER
The neighbors were complaining.

times a week. Radio Habana turns its antennas directly at Guatemala for a rabble-rousing half-hour broadcast by Jacobo Arbenz, 48, the Red-lining ex-President of Guatemala who was overthrown eight years ago and now hopes to return via Cuba.

Before his return to the U.S. last March, ex-CBS Newsmen Robert Taber, a founder of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, figured in Castro's English-language broadcasts. Another who still does is Barbara Collins, also known as "Beardless Barbara," the 25-year-old daughter of a New Jersey clergyman. With her small daughter in hand, she skipped to Havana on a cruise ship, took out Cuban citizenship, and now chats winningly about the charms of Communist Cuba. Robert Williams, 37, a North Carolina Negro who fled the U.S. to escape kidnap charges, denounces the U.S. for its "vicious caste system . . . designed to permanently dehumanize all colored people."

Counting the 138 hours directed at Latin America by Red China and Soviet Russia, Latin Americans are being bombarded by an overlapping 500 hours of Red propaganda a week. While this strident Red voice becomes something of a bore to Latin Americans, it is louder and longer than the Voice of America, which beams a mere 63 hours of Spanish-language broadcasts and 21 hours of Portuguese each week toward Latin America.

COLOMBIA

The Heritage of Lleras Camargo

While two constitutional Presidents in Latin America have left office in the face of a coup in recent months, another steps down this week in more auspicious circumstances. Colombia's Alberto Lleras Camargo, 56, the quiet Liberal statesman

who has saved his violently partisan country from civil war, completes his full four-year term. When he leaves, he will pass on the seal of presidential office to a man who, under other circumstances, might be his most dangerous enemy—Guillermo León Valencia, a Conservative.

Architect of Union. Lleras started out as a reporter for Bogotá's prestigious *El Tiempo*, but soon gravitated to politics. At the age of 24, he was *El Tiempo's* editor in chief; two years later, at 26, he had become speaker of the Chamber of Deputies; by age 30, he was Minister of the Interior. In 1945, when President Alfonso López resigned in a dispute with Congress, Lleras, by then Foreign Minister, was tapped to serve out the term. His next job was in Washington, as head of the ineffectual Pan American Union. During seven years, Lleras, almost single-handed, transformed it into today's far stronger Organization of American States, whose charter he largely wrote.

Home again in 1957, leading the battle against Army Dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, Lleras persuaded leather-tough Conservative Boss Laureano Gómez to form a coalition, and out of this alliance between historic foes came Colombia's unique National Front pact, under which both parties agreed to alternate the presidency for 16 years. Soon after, a coordinated popular uprising by Liberals and Conservatives swept Rojas out of office. The choice for President: Lleras Camargo, the only man on whom both strong-minded parties could agree.

Approval at the Polls. Senseless murder by bandits continues to plague the backlands, but the National Front has sharply reduced the random political assassinations between Liberals and Conservatives, which once threatened ultimate chaos. When election time came round again last May, the Front won an almost 2 to 1 endorsement at the polls. Colombia's voters approved the nation's new economic stability; they accepted Lleras' austerity for the sake of attracting foreign investment. The national debt has been cut, dollar reserves are up. An ardent champion of the Alliance for Progress, Lleras has pushed through land reform, higher income taxes, the first civil service in the history of Colombia. Though the Communists rail, he stands firm against Castro and flatly tells his people: "The new Cold War theater is clearly our hemisphere."

Visibly tired and frankly ready to be relieved of his demanding job (he has been counting the days by crossing them off on his desk calendar), Lleras plans to take a rest, then visit the U.S. with his wife for a medical check (he suffered a mild heart attack four months ago). After that, he may accept an offer to be editor of Bogotá's new Liberal newspaper, *La Tarde*, and will enjoy the opportunity "to read a book in peace once again." Says Lleras: "The most important thing my successor will possess is having gained office in a true and open election." In Latin America that is quite a heritage for a departing President to leave behind.

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PEOPLE

"I don't feel inclined to write any more about the so-called Southern belle," announced the taboogeyman of the theater, **Tennessee Williams**, 50, ringing down what sounded like a second-act curtain on his stock character in trade. In London to catch up on West End theater after the Italian premiere of his newest play, *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More*, Williams mused: "I don't think I feel as aggressive and belligerent about life as I used to. You might find what I call mysticism coming into things I write in the future." There also was an earthly matter he wanted to clarify: "Terence Rattigan and Noel Coward could buy me and sell me ten times over. I have so little money that it scares me. Why, I doubt if I'm worth more than \$250,000."

Leaving behind a trail of dust around Moscow's mile-long Hippodrome, U.S. horsewoman **Mary Elizabeth Whitney Tippett**, 54, goaded on her galloping troika to yell of "*Molodets!*" (Attagirl!) from the Muscovites lining the rail. The handsome owner of Virginia's \$200,000 Llangollen stables, which she got from John Hay Whitney, the first of her four husbands, was in Russia on a very unprofitable job: to advise the Soviet Ministry of Agriculture on how to improve its entries in the sport of kings. "Horses," said Liz, "need no interpreters."

Three years after his death at the age of 76, the will of Fleet Admiral **William F. ("Bull") Halsey** was probated in Manhattan surrogate court. The blunt, baseball-capped naval hero of World War II, who retired in 1947 to become an International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. executive and a successful dealer in surplus Navy oil tankers, left a bull-sized estate totaling \$624,965.

Awash up to her Plimsoll line in the Mediterranean, **Brigitte Bardot**, 27, was floating around lazily but spectacularly in a one-piece bikini and a leopard-spotted water mattress. Click! went a distant telescopic-lens camera, and France's sex kitten arched her back ever so cautiously. Her latest beau, Cinemactor Sami Frey, who has been a summer guest at her Saint-Tropez villa, recently blasted off

another shutterbug with buckshot as he snapped away at BB from the rushes along the shore.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the pills. Numbtall yellow as buttercups, azure amylal and the purple benzedrine, slumberol, and hey, ho, the valleyol. Life pills to keep you sterile and death pills for inducing permanent sleep and an open verdict." The dangers of drugs were everywhere in the headlines, and **Malcolm Muggeridge**, 50, the gadfly columnist of Britain's *New Statesman*, was not the man to let opportunity sleep. Continued Muggeridge, in a biting psalm for the pill takers of our time: "A pill a day keeps the druggist in pay. Pills for slimming, pills for fattening and pills for potency. They help athletes to run faster, scholars to secure higher marks, comedians to be funnier and lovers to be bolder."

Five weeks after skipping \$100,000 bail to avoid life imprisonment in the U.S. for wartime espionage, Convicted Soviet Spy **Dr. Robert Soblen**, 61, was refused asylum in Britain, as he had been in Israel. Expertly carving himself up with a steak knife as he was being returned to the U.S. aboard an El Al Israel Airlines jet, Soblen gained a stay in London, but British judges were unmoved by his plea of illness and persecution. Britain's Home Secretary told Parliament: "Dr. Soblen is a fugitive from a sentence imposed on him by the courts of a country whose life is based on democratic institutions and constitutional guarantees." Waiting to escort the spy the rest of the way home were two U.S. marshals, and the Justice Department made ready a bed in the Springfield, Mo., Medical Center for Federal Prisoners.

"Seventeen years ago, dolling! I didn't know vat I vas doing! I vas still just a little Hungarian teen-ager," said a contrite **Zsa Zsa Gabor** in her heaviest sour-cream accent. Back in 1945, the most visible of Mamma Gabor's three girls had tossed a tantrum in Manhattan's El Morocco nightclub, wound up spitting in Owner John Perona's face, and was banned forevermore from the zebra-striped benches. Now, a year after the proprietor's death, Son Edwin Perona lis-

tened to the importuning of one of Zsa Zsa's beaux, agreed to relax the ban: "It's been a long time. She did some bad things in here, but a lot of people have done bad things in here."

The kid was hanging around the handstand at Disneyland, and so the hand-leader thought it would be a gasser to see if he had a voice to go with the name. Up stepped **Frank W. Sinatra**, 18, and when he let go with *I've Got You Under My Skin*, he had the old nasal pitch and easy delivery. Sinatra's son, by a first marriage dissolved eleven years ago, is a drama student at Arizona State College, but he really wants to be a music man. What did



FRANK W. SINATRA
Pop said "Good."

dad think? "My father is not the kind of person who says much about things like this," said the Little Voice. "He just said, 'Good, good—that's nice!'"

Off on a four-day pack trip along the 9,200-ft. timber line in the High Sierras rode California's Governor **Pat Brown**, 53, relaxing from the rigors of his campaign against G.O.P. Challenger **Richard Nixon**. What was the name of his rented chestnut mare? asked newsmen as the Governor and his troop of 21 fellow campers clopped off into the wilds. "Richard," replied Brown, never the one to let gender interfere with a wisecrack. "I intend to ride him hard. And that's what I'm going to be doing for the next three months." Poor Daisy.

Stepping off the train in Stockholm, **Dwight Eisenhower** knew reporters would be asking him about his 1960 remarks blaming Sweden's high suicide rate, drunkenness, and lack of ambition on its social welfare state. Ike's first words were: "Before anybody gets a chance to ask, I want to make clear that the remark about Sweden was based on what I had read in an American magazine. Since then, I have had many friends who have returned from Sweden and told me that I was wrong. I admit it and apologize for my error." Later, touring a salvaged 17th century man-of-war, Ike noted with a grin that the ship's lion figurehead had lost its tongue. "Maybe it would be better if some of us also didn't have one," he said.



BRIGITTE BARDOT OFF ST.-TROPEZ
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EDUCATION

A Season for Helping

It used to be work, or simply play, for U.S. high school and college students in the summertime. Then came the big trend to summer study (*TIME*, Aug. 1, 1960). This time the summer trend is to do something useful to help others.

The impetus is neither a desire to play Lady Bountiful nor a shortage of paying summer jobs, but a useful blend of altruism and self-interest. High school seniors yearn to report a substantial entry in that "Civic Work?" blank on college applications; collegians may want to put sociology lectures to practice. The Peace Corps is the model—but most of the jobs to be done are right at home. Says one delighted Boston mother, whose teen-age daughter is toiling in a hospital ward this summer: "She goes charging out of here in the morning like Florence Nightingale riding Paul Revere's horse."

205-Pound Angel. The Boston girl is enrolled in a zesty enterprise called Operation Kindness, sponsored by United Community Services, which has 4,300 youngsters on duty in 106 agencies and institutions in greater Boston. The unpaid helpers are busy at everything from running bingo games to skinning rabbits for medical researchers at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. At a Massachusetts state mental hospital, a 15-year-old "beautician" cheerily restyles the hairdos of psychotic women and says: "I just love Nantasket Beach in the summer, really I do. But—well, I like this better."

Operation Kindness has 2,000 youngsters at work in San Francisco, 3,800 in Philadelphia. In Manhattan, a towering varsity end from the University of Pittsburgh has worked 16 hours a day to keep tough kids from becoming drug addicts and alcoholics. A volunteer for the Young Life Campaign, Bob Long, 21, can proudly look back on such experiences as the

14 nights he spent helping one addict to kick the habit. "My man here stayed with me," says Long's grateful protégé. "He's my 205-pound guardian angel."

Taming Cobras. Much of all this began under seasoned adult leadership, but a new wrinkle is the help project launched by students themselves. In the forests of northern Minnesota, 16 collegians representing campuses from Bryn Mawr to Minnesota are living among the Chippewa Indians, who are 75% unemployed and too indifferent to care much. By organizing parties and ball games, the boys and girls of Project Awareness have slashed the Chippewas' usual summer crime wave to a low that startles even the sheriff.

July Long, 22, is a pretty June graduate of Northwestern University who enlisted 57 other students to tutor school dropouts (rate: up to 75%) in Chicago's heavily Negro Lawndale area, stomping ground for gangs. One of the students, 19-year-old Elaine Stevens, works 20 hours a week as a summer research assistant in psychology at Northwestern, also coaches a Lawndale teen-age girls' softball team called the Lady Racketeers. Along with batting practice, Elaine teaches baby care—her 13-year-old third baseman is five months pregnant, and children of other teen-age players on the team form the rooting section. Pre-Med Student Gordon A. Fuqua, 21, umpires softball games between the Vice Lords and the Egyptian Cobras, who might otherwise be rumbling in a Lawndale alley. Says Gordon: "What I'm doing this summer is making me a better doctor than if I went to the finest medical school."

Talking It Out

One way to cure juvenile delinquency is to ask bad apples why they have worms. So argues Psychologist Charles W. Slack, who came upon the method accidentally in a Harvard project started four years ago

called Streetcorner Research. Originally, he set up shop in a Cambridge storefront and paid young punks to talk their troubles into a tape recorder to find out what made them tick. In the process, he discovered to his surprise that they talk their troubles out: the crime rate among Slack's subjects has fallen by half.

Having made the discovery, Slack set out to profit from it. He assembled a five-man team, including a Jesuit priest-psychologist, and recruited 30 young toughs with police records ranging from burglary to rape—"tomorrow's nothings," as one boy put it. Slack lured them with cash: 50¢ to \$2 an hour for being "research consultants" in a study of "how guys foul up."

"Sick, Man, Sick." The chance to unburden themselves on tape—and then listen to the playback—worked as well as analysis. Usually, says Slack, the boys passed through five stages: apathy, anger, despair, insight, transformation.

Typical was David, 18, a reform school graduate described as "unreachable" and "psychopathic." He began by aimlessly complaining about everything from prison conditions to cops and fate. Then he got mad, called his interviewer's necktie the "crummiest" he had ever seen, peered out the window and snapped, "See that guy out there? Going to mash his mouth in." Then came despair: "I know there's no hope left to be anything. I'm sick, man, sick. Sometimes I feel like laying down in the street and never getting up. Dogs are my friends. They know. They live at people's feet." Insight followed: "I think, oh, how I think of the life I have lived. The life of the devil. Will anyone ever give me a lift?"

As with other boys, the lift came slowly, from the boy himself: "All of a sudden I started looking at a man who was petting



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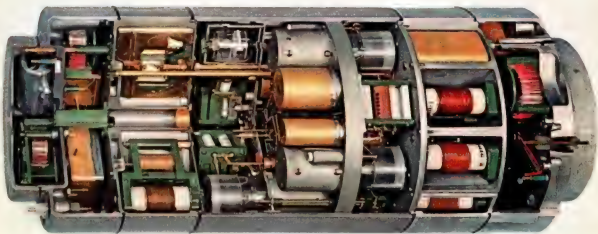
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"THE CALL OF THE WILD"

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a cat, I saw the trees and the people for the first time. And I asked George the janitor questions I never would have asked a few days ago—how he got his job, how he got ahead. And he seemed pleased."

Next: Film. Weaned to regular jobs, Streetcorner's first 30 boys cut their average arrests to 2.4 in the four-year period, against 4.7 for a comparable control group. They spent a total of 60 months in jail, compared to 134 for the outsiders. The researchers are now experimenting with such ideas as lending cameras to delinquents so they can film their own lives. Another "laboratory" has been set up in a Cambridge barroom.

Running such centers does not require a highly trained staff, says Slack. In fact, they are more effective if run by accountants, carpenters, bus drivers, housewives—people the boys can take as models. The cost of a listening post for 50 delinquents: about \$500 a year per boy. In Massachusetts, the cost of keeping a prisoner in jail for a year is \$3,000.

Bookman to the World

The Russians stirred a lot of worry a few years ago by saturating the Middle and Far East with low-priced books. But the Russians keep running up against a formidable obstacle: a great curiosity for American books. In Egypt 50% of publishers' lists are books of U.S. origin. In Iran a Persian edition of Dr. Spock's baby book was hard to get published because the printers kept snitching page proofs to take home to their wives. In other countries the primer style of U.S. textbooks (often none too popular at home) is highly esteemed for self-teaching. This vast foreign market is now being tapped by a remarkable enterprise called Franklin Publications.

Franklin goes unsung in the U.S., but is famous in the exotic cities listed on its Manhattan front door: Cairo, Beirut, Baghdad, Tehran, Lahore, Dacca, Kuala Lumpur, Djakarta. In those places, far from Manhattan's Publishers' Row, Franklin in ten years has guided the printing of 26,477,800 books in such exotic languages as Arabic, Persian, Pashto, Urdu, Bengali, Malay and Indonesian.

Einstein in Arabic. Franklin, fittingly named for Ben, set out in 1952 to be "the ambassador of American publishing"

—a nonprofit broker for countries hungry for U.S. books. It is headed by Datus C. Smith Jr., former director of the Princeton University Press, and governed by a board of directors that includes top U.S. publishers, librarians, industrialists and university presidents.

Franklin does not operate in a cold war way to push particular books. Instead, its foreign branches, staffed entirely by nationals, report their countries' desires. Franklin then buys rights from the U.S. publisher (who usually charges only a nominal fee) and delivers translations to foreign publishers. Last year the entire operation cost Franklin a mere \$1,500,000, which came from U.S. and private grants and the 10% royalty that foreign publishers pay after a book is put on sale. The net effect is a boost for infant publishing industries in countries that are afflicted with "undercapitalization and unsophistication."

Franklin's first effort was a 23d Arabic version of Edward R. Murrow's *This I Believe*, published in Cairo in 1953. The first edition of 35,000 copies sold out the first day. Franklin has gone on to feed the Middle and Far Eastern appetite for books ranging from *Ethan Frome* to *Gone With the Wind*, from *The Spirit of St. Louis* to *The Universe and Dr. Einstein*.

Ferdinand in Twi. Franklin's biggest single venture is in Iran, where in 1957 it launched a handsome Golden Book geography. Royalties were so abundant that Franklin turned them into a loan for building a first-rate printing plant in Tehran, staffed by the newly trained graduating class of an orphan asylum. Out of this grew a healthy new Iranian textbook industry.

Last week the Ford Foundation gave Franklin \$1,000,000 to spur a wealth of new projects, notably the creation of a one-volume encyclopedia, slated for translation into five languages. The work is slow, since each version has to add local lore about flora, history and religion. But the promise is big, since few of the countries have any kind of reference books. With its new Ford money, Franklin is also thinking about untapped markets from Spanish-speaking Latin America to French-speaking West Africa. Soon due for Africa: a first edition of *Ferdinand the Bull* in Ewe, Fanti and Twi.

Alice in DELTA-land



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GENERAL OFFICES: ATLANTA, GEORGIA

MEDICINE

Plagued

The sudden and unexpected death of a senior scientist at Britain's top-secrect germ-warfare laboratory cried out for explanation. The first War Office announcement only stimulated curiosity. It was possible, said a cautious official spokesman, that Geoffrey Bacon, 44, had been killed by "an accidental infection resulting from his work." A post mortem examination two days later revealed the full horror of what had happened. Researcher Bacon had been a victim of pneumonic plague, a form of the fiercely contagious Black Death that ravaged Europe in the Middle Ages, slaughtering millions and depopulating whole cities.

The government promptly alerted health officers in southern England to a possible outbreak of the dread disease. Bacon's widow and two daughters, and a dozen friends from the Microbiological Laboratory near Salisbury where he worked, were all under rigid medical surveillance, and all were getting dosed with antibiotics. So were 30 members of the staff at Odstock Hospital, where Bacon died. It was left to a War Office board of inquiry to try to determine just how a man with ten years' laboratory experience had contracted his fatal infection.

The Thalidomide Disaster

Appalling reports continued to roll in. So far as is known, close to 8,000 babies have been born deformed because their mothers used a sleeping-pill-tranquilizer called thalidomide (TIME, Feb. 23). All this added up to the greatest prescription disaster in medical history. Thanks to the intuition of the Food and Drug Administration's Dr. Frances Kelsey,* the U.S. has got off lightly because the drug was never licensed for general use. In the half dozen reported U.S. cases of birth malformations due to thalidomide, the drug was obtained from abroad. Even so, the testing and marketing of new drugs in the U.S. are now almost certain to get close federal regulation.

President Kennedy led off his press conference last week with a demand for "additional protection to American consumers from harmful or worthless drug products. The United States has the best and most effective food and drug law of any country in the world. . . . Nevertheless, the drug was given to many patients on an investigational basis."

Same day, Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey (who used to be a pharmacist himself) summoned his Government Operations subcommittee to hear FDA Commissioner George P. Larrick and Pharmacologist Kelsey. Canadian-born Dr. Kelsey, 48, a low-heeled, no-nonsense woman who has practiced medicine besides teaching pharmacology, was a new employee at FDA in September 1960. Her first major assignment was to pass on

the application of Cincinnati's William S. Merrell Co. for a license to market thalidomide in the U.S. under the trade name Kevadon.[®] Along with the application came a sheaf of reports on years of animal testing and human use of the drug in Europe. There was no hint that the drug had any undesirable side effects, and Merrell pressed hard for quick approval. But Dr. Kelsey was puzzled because the drug did not put animals to sleep. She wondered about other possible differences between its effects in animals and in man. Dr. Kelsey asked Merrell for more tests.

While she waited, Dr. Kelsey chanced



FDA's DR. KELSEY

For new drugs, stronger safeguards.

on a British report that thalidomide might cause a tingling neuritis in some patients. From World War II work on antimalarial drugs, she suspected that this minor effect on adults might signal a more serious effect on the unborn. But not until nearly ten months later, in the last days of November 1961, did German reports link thalidomide with the European epidemic of seal-like, limbless babies.

Though Dr. Kelsey had kept Kevadon off the U.S. market for more than a year, this did not mean that no U.S. doctors were using the drug. (It was licensed in Canada, where at least 56 cases of deformed babies have been reported.) Last week Merrell reported that instead of the 100 or so U.S. physicians previously estimated to have got samples of the drug "for investigational use only," 1,231 had received Kevadon. How much of the drug each doctor got and used was unknown, so there was no way of estimating how many of the terrible blue tablets were still

* Thalidomide was made or marketed, alone or in combination with other drugs, in a dozen countries under 10 trade names, notably Contergan (West Germany), Distaval (Britain), Solte-non (Portugal, Belgium and Austria).

around. (In December 1961, the company warned U.S. doctors not to give Kevadon to women who might be or might become pregnant. In March 1962, Merrell called back all Kevadon tablets.)

Abortion Journey. New York City reported the first U.S. death of a thalidomide-deformed baby. Psychiatrist Richard H. Hoffman imported the pills by mail from a German drug house for one patient, then gave it to others. One of these became pregnant. Her baby, born a fortnight ago, was severely malformed and lived only 41 minutes.

Pills bought in Europe by her husband alarmed the Arizona housewife whose daily misgivings made headlines across the U.S. last week. A Phoenix judge dismissed Mrs. Sherri Finkbine's plea that the Arizona law permit an abortion in her case. Resolved to have an abortion, she prepared to go overseas for it.

On the Spot. The anguish of parents put European governments on the spot. In West Germany, health departments were making plans to train 2,500 or more deformed children and to fit them with artificial limbs. In Britain, Socialist Lady Summerskill asked the government to consider legalizing abortions. It refused. In Belgium, a young couple and their doctor were in jail, awaiting trial on a charge that they murdered a malformed thalidomide baby with an overdose of another sleep-inducing drug.

One result of the thalidomide crisis has been to increase demands for better supervision of drugs. Though the World Health Organization has no power to impose any rules, it would like to serve as a clearinghouse for information. In several countries there were moves to require, by law, that manufacturers do more testing in animals before they offer a new drug for the market. For any drug that might be taken by a pregnant woman, there will be emphasis on testing in pregnant animals of several species.

Cambridge University's Dr. D. H. M. Woolman offered this universal prescription: "In the present state of our knowledge, the only safe course is to bar absolutely the use of new drugs by women who are believed to be in the early stage of pregnancy."

Personality at the Wheel

As damage suits for personal injuries suffered in auto accidents increase in number and produce greatly swollen sums in settlement, many a U.S. lawyer has become as familiar with Gray's *Anatomy* as with Blackstone. Now he is likely to start studying Freud as well. Last week, as 1,800 members of the National Association of Claimants' Counsel of America met in Denver to bone up on medicine, they heard the clearest descriptions yet offered of the psychological types that are most, and least, likely to crack up their cars.

After a study of hundreds of young men at Lowry Air Force Base, two Denver psychologists, Dr. Wilbur C. Miller and Dr. John J. Conger, put together composite personality pictures of high- and low-risk drivers. As might be expected,

* Who this week receives the President's Award for Distinguished Civilian Service.

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the low-risk driver shows less hostility toward the world in general, and especially to organized authority; he is more willing to obey the law unquestioningly.

But there are more subtle and less predictable differences. The low-risk driver's equanimity, reported the two psychologists, stems largely from the fact that he knows where he is going in life, as well as on the road, and how he intends to get there. He is more likely than the high-risk driver to take on faith his parents' religion. He is less imaginative, but more interested in questions of esthetics. His faults are usually an excessive need for conformity and to please others.

The high-risk driver's obvious faults are ill-concealed hostility lurking just below the surface, and an egocentric disregard for others' rights and feelings. Underlying these characteristics, say Drs. Miller and Conger, is dissatisfaction with his position in life and a lack of direction: he does not know where he is going, let alone how to get there. The high-risk driver is far more likely than others to act impulsively, and live in a world of fantasy.

The researchers found no physiological differences between the two types. Their blood pressures were in the same range, both at rest and under stress. In psychomotor skills (brake reaction time, vision, making split-second decisions), the high-accident men rated a notch higher than low-risk types—but in responding more quickly they also made more mistakes.

In sum, the lawyers learned, life with an imaginative, volatile, high-risk driver is likely to be more stimulating and interesting than with a conventional plodder—but also shorter.

Fats in the Blood

The American Medical Association made it official last week. Yes, said its Council on Foods and Nutrition, it is a good idea to reduce the levels of cholesterol and other fats in the blood of patients suspected of having the sort of hardening of the arteries that is associated with heart attacks.

The A.M.A. experts had waited for years to commit themselves. As a result, the council was able to make a point that has only recently become clear to researchers: merely cutting down the amount of fat in the diet is not the way to lower the blood cholesterol. This is because less overall fat usually means an increase in consumption of carbohydrates (sugars and starches), which the body somehow converts into fats known as triglycerides. The right way, said the council, is to replace much of the saturated fat (in eggs, meat and dairy products) with the polyunsaturated forms found in fish and the dark meat of poultry, and especially in vegetable oils.

While the A.M.A. council shied away from recommending an overall cut in dietary fats, neither did it go so far as some do-it-yourself prescribers such as Dr. Herman (*Calories Don't Count*). Taller, who recommends a carefree 65% fat diet. The A.M.A. favors a balanced diet, with not more than 40% fats.

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■ Report to business from B.F. Goodrich



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rolled 1000 miles on B.F. Goodrich tires, from a Boeing plant to an underground

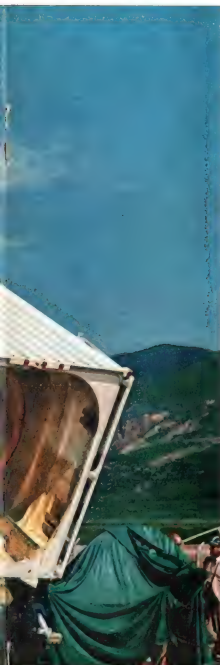
launch site. Missile container is being hydraulically lifted into a vertical posi-

Moving day for the Minuteman

This is how B.F. Goodrich tires help move the Minuteman to its launch site. A massive custom-built tractor-trailer rolls down a West Coast highway at a cautious 35 m.p.h.

It is 64 feet long and ten feet wide; and 54 tons—35 of which are the Minuteman—press hard against the B.F. Goodrich tires.

Each of the front tractor wheels is steerable. This means the trailer



tion. Then the Minuteman will be gently eased into its silo.

wheels must turn so sharply that the scuffing action (sideways thrust) of the trailer tires can actually tear up pavement! But such abuse is no problem for BFG Power Express Nylon Tubeless tires—they're made with a new compound that has the remarkable ability to lengthen tire life even on the toughest jobs, and to prevent tread cracking and tearing on any job.

Truck operators report this new BFG rubber compound—which con-



24 BFG Power Express tires made with new compound bear 108,000 lb. weight.

tains Cis-Butadiene—gives substantially increased original tread mileage plus a higher percentage of retreadable tires. Yet the Power Express is not a premium-priced tire—it sells at regular prices.

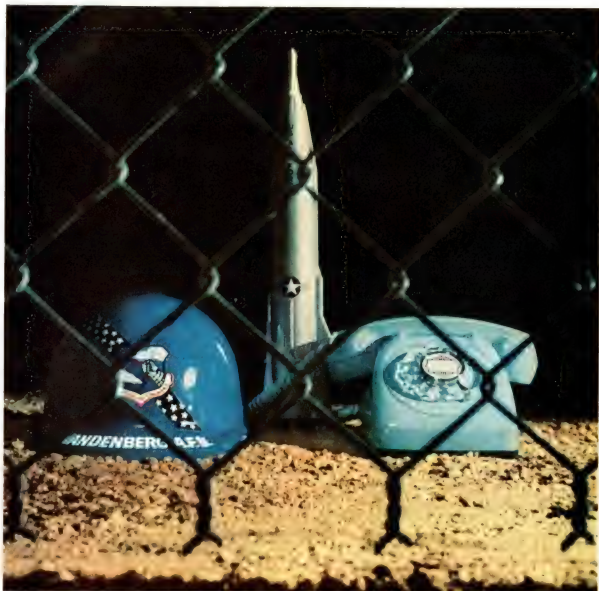
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MUSIC

The Tastemaker

Since the war, a favorite target of English music critics has been the popular Promenade Concerts at London's Albert Hall. In haphazard programs that sometimes seemed as much a period piece as the hall itself, they rarely offered any modern music more controversial than, say, Vaughan Williams in one of his more idyllic moods. But now the critics are cheering the "Proms"—and so is a new set of fans. This summer Albert Hall is echoing to 50 works entirely new to Prom audiences—some of them classical, some contemporary, but all demonstrating what *Guardian* Critic Neville Cardus calls "the wild, bold and enterprising throw of Mr. Glock's net." As Cardus and his fellow critics are happily aware, Net Thrower Glock—of the British Broadcasting Corp.—is, at 54, the most influential man dispensing music in Britain.

Head of the BBC's music department, Pianist Glock yields an administrative baton over BBC's 13 orchestras (including four symphonies), employs a quarter of all the permanently employed musicians in Britain, spends more than \$3,000,000 a year on music. In his small, square office at the BBC's music headquarters in London, Glock tirelessly studies scores and magnetic tapes as he tries to keep track of the 12,000 compositions played annually on the BBC's 3,000 serious music programs. Glock's own tastes lean to the modern, but a typical Glock program is a mixture of classic and modern. ("If you segregate old and new," he says, "music is just a museum.") The "Proms would not be Proms," Glock is convinced, unless they included most of the symphonies of Beethoven, the four



STRUCTURES SONORES CONCERT
Sound is not an onion.

Brahms symphonies, the last three of Tchaikovsky. But along with those staples, Glock demands the music of such well-known modernists as Olivier Messiaen, Pierre Boulez, Hans Werner Henze, and has commissioned works by men that many of the Prom audiences have never heard of (this summer's commission composers: Alan Rawsthorne, Thea Musgrave, Nicholas Maugh, Peter Maxwell-Davies).

Middle-Aged Spread. In just three years on the job, Glock has transformed the BBC into one of Europe's most imposing boosters of avant-garde composers, influencing orchestras, ensembles and musical societies all over the country. "The BBC breaks the ice," says London *Observer* Critic Peter Heyworth. "Once it performs a work, the floodgates are open." Glock's appointment to the BBC, Heyworth decided, was "the most exciting musical event in Britain in years."

Anxious to rid itself of "middle-aged spread," the BBC hired Glock in the spring of 1959. His credentials were varied. London-born, Glock studied piano with Artur Schnabel in Berlin in the early '30s, returned to London to write music criticism, and founded a summer school (which he still runs) for composers and performers at Dartington, in Devon. Working on the theory that he could include two new works in a four-work program without losing his audience, Glock started his new job by sprucing up not only the Prom concerts but also the repertoires of the three BBC regional orchestras. He also began handing out commissions to promising young composers ("They can't live off us, but we can encourage them").

One Step Ahead. The results seem to support Glock's conviction that audiences are far less hidebound than most concert managers think. In his first two seasons of handling the Promenade Concerts, total attendance fell off—but now it is impressively high. Says Tastemaker Glock: "We give them what they'll like tomorrow. We are one step ahead. If you are always trying to please them you are one step behind."

New Ways to Make Noise

The piano had a standard keyboard—but it sounded like a muted xylophone. There was a zitherlike instrument that resembled an outdoor harbecue cooker. An unrecognizable assemblage of crystal rods,

stroked by musicians with moistened fingers, emitted resonant whoops that fluttered through attached whisks of piano wire. At San Francisco's Conservatory of Music last week, an audience of 150 was captivated by the sounds—and sight—of some of the newest and weirdest musical instruments on earth.

All the instruments are the creations of French Sculptor François Baschet, 42, whose musical skill is limited to strumming a bar or two on a guitar equipped with an inflatable red plastic doughnut as a sounding board. During a seven-year sabbatical, the thought-struck Baschet that all the world's music came from antiques. "For 150 years," says he, "the only instruments that have been invented have been the saxophone, the musical saw and concrete and electronic music. Why?" Baschet began to think of new ways of making noise.

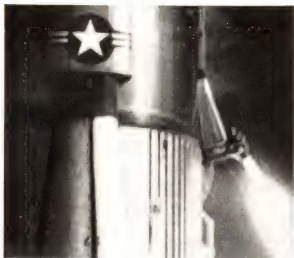
He has since fabricated 30 instruments capable of hooting sepulchral, barking savagely, trumpeting like a herd of elephants, and even producing echoing sounds of haunting beauty. Baschet dubbed his inventions *Structures sonores* and organized a small orchestra: his brother Bernard, Modernist Composer Jacques Lasry and several associates. The group is known in France as Structures Sonores Lasry-Baschet. It plays some Bach and some Vivaldi—but Baschet's devices are more adaptable to the works of Composer Lasry, which struggle with such titles as *Coil Spring Dance* and *Duet for Crystals*.

Baschet's goggling assemblage of aluminum saucers, glass rods, pneumatic cushions, nuts, bolts and screws is familiar to Paris, where it often furnished far-out background music for radio, TV and films, e.g., for the movie *The Sky Above—The Mud Below*. In the U.S., where the French government sent them last month for a series of appearances at the Seattle World's Fair, Structures Sonores Lasry-Baschet has drawn enthusiastic crowds.

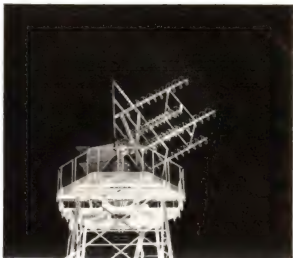
Baschet's instruments are not electronically amplified, but they produce a moaning tumult of sound that is roughly Lasry-Baschet's idea of what modern music should be. "Conceptions aren't linear any more," says Composer Lasry. "Not like an onion, where you can peel off one orderly layer after the other. Our search is nothing but an attempt to get through music what we hear in life."



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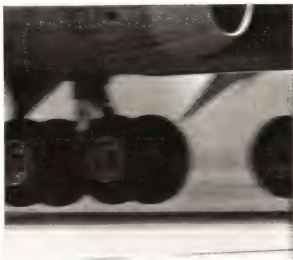


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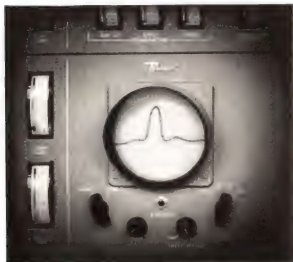


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BATHS OF CARACALLA



PENNSYLVANIA STATION

"Don't demolish it! Polish it!"

ART

Penn Pals

The New Yorker who yearns to fancy himself in the ancient Roman bath (warm room) of an ancient Roman bath need go no further than Pennsylvania Station: its main waiting room is almost a duplicate of the hall of the old Baths of Caracalla. The station also has a classical colonnaded façade, broad and elegant staircases, a huge, skylighted concourse with vaulting arches of lacy steel and glass. It smells of past grandeur and wars and old steam and tears and waitin'-for-the-train-to-come-in. All this is going to be torn down because it no longer makes economic sense.

New York, unlike most cities of Europe and elsewhere, has no civic authority to preserve its landmarks. Last week, in the hope that publicity might save the day, 500 architects (the most notable: Philip Johnson, Paul Rudolph) banded together with the newly formed Action Group for Better Architecture in New York and marched on Penn Station with signs that said: "Don't Demolish It! Polish It!"

Designed by the famed architectural firm of McKim, Mead & White (who also created the Morgan Library, the Racquet and University Clubs, and Washington Square Arch), Penn Station was finished in 1910.

Almost as soon as the station was finished, the Pennsylvania Railroad began to tinker with Architect Charles McKim's open-spaciousness. Information desks were placed in the middle of the huge halls. Eventually, to get more revenue for the railroad, advertising signs with blinking lights were hung from the walls, stainless steel booths and shops appeared, new cars were spotlighted on revolving turntables. The inside of Penn Station became what Lewis Mumford calls "a vast electronic jukebox."

Last year Irving Felt, chairman of the Madison Square Garden Corp., made a deal with the financially strapped Penn-

sylvania Railroad to take a 99-year leasehold on Penn Station's air rights. According to Felt's plan, the site would be stripped to ground level (the trains would still come and go below), and a new Madison Square Garden, seating 25,000 persons, would be built on top, flanked by two office buildings, all designed by Los Angeles Architect Charles Luckman.

Says Philip Johnson: in Pennsylvania Station "you realize that man can build nobly." Replies Promoter Felt: "Fifty years from now, when it's time for our Center to be torn down, there will be a new group of architects who will protest."

Sold for \$2,240,000

It is only a fragile piece of paper, 39 by 54 inches, but Britain's Royal Academy figured that it would sell for \$2,800,000. And why not sell it? Leonardo's drawing of Virgin and Child with St. Anne and St. John the Baptist would not be much missed—to judge from the scant attention it got in nearly 200 years at the academy, mostly not even on public display. Off to Sotheby's last March went the announcement that the drawing, thought to be the cartoon of Leonardo's similar painting in the Louvre, would be auctioned.

Then it dawned on the British pride that some rich American collector or museum would in all likelihood buy the drawing and take it away. Snowed under by protests, the fusty academy agreed to postpone the sale. Since then, more than 703,000 Britons have seen the once neglected work on display at the National Gallery—and a sizable number of them have thrown a shilling or two into a collection to buy it for the National Gallery. By last week, these and other contributions reached within \$80,000 of the cut-rate \$2,240,000 that the academy is now willing to settle for. Prime Minister Macmillan thereupon announced that the government would pay the difference. The charcoal drawing thus just misses topping

the price of the most expensive oil painting ever sold—Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer*, which Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art bought for \$2,300,000 at auction last fall.

Fairest of the Fair

Art is apt to be an incidental at world's fairs, where people may be willing to learn about the latest science but otherwise want to play. But at the Seattle World's Fair last week there were six art shows. Two of the shows are spotty catchalls of paintings since 1950. Three others are specialties: the totem poles and sculptures of Pacific Northwest Indians; a show of Oriental jades and porcelains; a small gallery of Seattle Artist Mark Tobey's "white writing" abstractions. Seattle's most ambitious effort is its Masterpieces at the Fair.

To gather them, Seattle engaged the dean of U.S. museum directors, 72-year-old William M. Milliken, who formerly ran the Cleveland Museum of Art. He had no easy job. Traditionally, museums are reluctant to lend to fairs that have nothing to lend back, and fearing loss or damage, they dislike seeing their prized possessions housed in temporary fair structures where adequate police and fire protection is difficult.

Taking off on a grand tour of North American museums, Milliken assured museum directors that their prizes would be safe and laid his request before them: one masterpiece from each. From Washington's National Gallery of Art, he got John Singleton Copley's vibrant portrait of *Epes Sargent*. From the Nelson Gallery in Kansas City he got Carravaggio's *St. John the Baptist*; from Toledo, El Greco's *The Annunciation*; from the National Gallery of Canada, Chardin's *La Gouvernante*; North Carolina, Connecticut and California sent handsome loans (see color, opposite and overleaf).

"You feel a great pride," says Milliken, "when you find that in Currier Gallery in Manchester, N.H., you have a masterpiece of the abstract period of Picasso. The show lets one realize that throughout the country in so many smaller museums there are masterpieces—the Titian in Omaha, the Delacroix in Chapel Hill, the Terbrugghen from Oberlin."

Searching abroad to fill out his show, Milliken borrowed art from the Louvre, India, Japan and Taiwan. Altogether his catch amounted to 63 paintings, four pieces of sculpture, some goldsmith and enamel work, and a display of manuscripts from the Morgan Library. One of his regrets is that he failed to get a Velázquez, but he took his chances. "In the museum where they had a Velázquez that I would have liked to borrow, they happened to have an El Greco which I felt was finer."

Milliken's Seattle exhibit, as he intended, does not represent a history of art; but in bringing together 72 works that would be hard or impossible to borrow for a lesser occasion, he has put on a show that is well worth an hour off from the geezwhizzery of space and the girly shows of the Gayway.



SEATTLE FAIR EXHIBITION of masterpieces from around the world includes *Virgin Mary and Christ Child* by Guido Reni (1575-1642) from North Carolina Museum of Art.

"ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA"
is by Genoese Master Bernardo Strozzi
(1581-1644), whose work is regaining
favor among art critics. It is on loan
from Connecticut's Hartford Athenium.



"THE EDUCATION OF THE VIRGIN,"
by France's great Jean-Honoré Fragonard
(1732-1806), painted when he was still a
youth, was lent by the California Palace
of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco.



SHOW BUSINESS

MOVIES

The Only Blonde in the World

She was swept by panics, smothered by doubts and fears, and her death had been long in coming. Twenty years ago, when she was a warily shopworn 16, she had first tried to kill herself. Guilt became her constant companion and she broke promises and contracts and friendships to seek it out. She felt pulled and taunted and cheated, but when she spoke of what troubled her, her thoughts always resolved themselves so innocently that she seemed more frolicsome than frightened. "I don't mind being burdened with being glamorous and sexual," she would say. And her brow would furrow.

The urge to go nude was her most public whim, but it seemed to be a guide to her, too. A strangely exhilarating dream led her away from the foster family of religious zealots who first convinced her of her guilt. "I dreamed I was standing up in church without any clothes on," she recalled, "and all the people there were lying at my feet on the floor, and I walked naked, with a sense of freedom, being careful not to step on anyone." Years later, after a hopeless, thankless, adolescent marriage to an aircraft worker, she posed nude for Christendom's most famous calendar and from that moment on, she was the only blonde in the world.

Baby Doll. Films like *How to Succeed in a Millionaire*, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and *The Seven Year Itch* made her vague but sparkling smile and her shrill, excited voice the universal definition of Baby Doll. And she learned to speak in the voice of the girl she was supposed to be with memorable success.

No one was surprised when she married Joe DiMaggio in 1954—their courtship had been beautifully photographed. And few were surprised when they were divorced nine months later. It was only when she married playwright Arthur Miller that her fans began to wonder: who is this queen of sex? Through Miller, she conducted a kittenish romance with the intelligentsia and for a while, everything she said sounded as if she were talking about Zen Buddhism. But when her marriage ended last year, she found herself able to give her religious views as "Jewish agnostic" and revert to the charms of innocence: "I never quite understood it, this sex symbol. But if I'm going to be a symbol of something, I'd rather have it sex than some of the other things they've got symbols for."

She had always been late for everything, but her truancy was never heedlessness, beset by self-doubt and hints of illness, she would stay alone, missing appointments, keeping whole casts waiting in vain. In the past year, her tardiness was measured in weeks instead of hours. In 32 days on the set of *Something's Got to Give*, she showed up only 12 times, made only 7½ usable minutes of film. When fired from the picture, she sent telegrams of regrets to all the grips on the lot,

Beside the Phone. She seemed euphoric and cheerful, even while 20th Century-Fox was filing suit against her in hopes of salvaging \$750,000 damages from the wreckage of *Something's Got to Give*. She offered a photographer exclusive rights to nearly-nude shots of her from the set because, she said, "I want the world to see my body." Last week, she negotiated still another sale of a nude photograph to a picture magazine.

She spent her last day alive sunbathing, glancing over film scripts, playing with two cloth dolls—a lamb and a tiger. She



MARILYN MONROE

"I never quite understood it, this sex symbol."

went to bed early, but later her housekeeper noticed light spilling through the crack under her bedroom door, and summoned doctors. They broke in through her windows and found Marilyn Monroe dead. By her bedside stood an empty bottle that three days before had held 30 sleeping pills. One hand rested on the telephone and the other was at her chin, holding the sheets that covered her body.

The Vandals

Federico Fellini happily plunked down in front of his television set one night recently. Italy's government-run TV network was showing *I Vitelloni*, a vintage Fellini film that examined a quintet of Roman loafers. *Basta!* Gone was a scene—"a decisive scene"—where the hero is refused a job with a comedy troupe because he is not a homosexual like all the others. "Cutting an indispensable part of a film like this offends me deeply," wrote Fellini to the television network, "and so from now on I'm never letting one of my films be presented on television."

I Vitelloni was cut by only 61 seconds, and only because Italy's television censors find homosexuality a topic unfit for family viewing. In the U.S., though, films

pass through the hands of many eager vandals: distributors cut them up for money's sake, television for time's sake, and censors for God's sake.

Customs men and censors make the crudest cuts: the girl's fingers move to the buttons of her blouse, and suddenly it's breakfast. Distributors make deeper cuts after films leave first-run houses, on the simple calculation that the shorter the film, the more times it can be run in any one day. When *Rocco and His Brothers* arrived here from Italy a year ago, it was a full, *pasta*-rich 180 minutes long. After a run in New York art theaters, it mysteriously shrank to 147, then pushed off for the rest of the nation as a beggar-thin 95

minutes. Such chopping may be why so many U.S. film goers wonder what New York critics found to rave about.

Television is the roughest surgeon. Trimming feature-length movies to fit into 90-minute afternoon slots (and spare plenty of time for commercials) leaves many films at about half-size—65 minutes. Cutters first remove all sex, violence (which TV saves for its own shows), mistreatment of children and animals, slighting mention of minority groups, profanity. Profanity uttered in the middle of a sentence is blotted over with tape, leaving an uncomfortable "bloop" in the sound track. Cuts in *The Cruel Sea* somehow made two ships one, left much of the dialogue senseless and many episodes pointless, reduced salty navy talk to tea-cozy delicacy.

Fresh from a triumphant trimming of John Ford's *The Quiet Man* to 63-minute television size, a cutter explained his craft: "The easiest thing is to take out a full character, but I try to keep the stars in and show what the plot is. I cut parts of the fight and cut the middle out of songs. Then the commercials help in cutting too. After two minutes, people forget what they were seeing."

THE PRESS

The Strike Problem

In Minneapolis, the bitter strike against John Cowles's *Star* and *Tribune* finally ended last week—having set a new and dismal record. The two papers had been silenced for 113 days—nearly two weeks longer than the previous record, established during a 1953 strike of the *Seattle Times*. As the *Star* and *Tribune* scrambled to get back into print, it was painfully clear that in the protracted and expensive showdown everyone was the loser.

Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters started the strike in the first place, by leading four other shop unions in a walkout April 12—a movement sympathetically, if not enthusiastically, joined by the American

recently in Milwaukee, where a strike against Hearst's sickly morning *Sentinel* cost the American Newspaper Guild a 320-man local. Instead of meeting Guild demands, Hearst sold the *Sentinel* to the Milwaukee *Journal*—which is non-Guild. Papers in Portland, Ore., were once organized by both craft unions and the Guild, but no more: struck in 1960, the *Oregonian* and the *Oregon Journal* promptly imported and trained non-union help. The profitable Philadelphia *Record* died during a 1947 Guild strike; also struck by the Guild, the Brooklyn *Eagle* stopped flying in 1955.

Strikes have also led papers to combine operations, thereby cutting not only costs but jobs. In the midst of a 1959 Guild strike, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* sold its plant to the *Post-Dispatch* and moved into the *Post* building. Net job loss to the printing trade and associated unions, as the two papers merged shops: at least 180 hands. Strikes have inspired, or at least expedited, similar management responses in Pittsburgh, Detroit, and Columbus, Ohio.

Barely a Dent. Newspaper unions say, with considerable justice, that the newspaper field is shrinking, and that labor costs are only one factor. But that factor is large. In the past five years, newspaper unions have staged 81 strikes, only 14 of them by the Guild.

In their attempt to organize the newspaper business, the unions are now losing ground. After 29 years of trying, the Guild, for example, has barely made a dent: although Guildsmen are sprinkled throughout most of the nation's 1,761 dailies, the Guild has contracts with only 171 papers—five fewer than it had just three years ago. In 1938 the Guild membership included 13,505 editorial workers; today, although Guild membership is up to 28,000, the editorial worker category has remained about the same, at 13,300. The difference is accounted for by the clerks, stenographers, office boys, advertising salesmen and janitors who now qualify for membership. "The continuing series of mergers and suspensions is taking away our members," says William J. Farson, the Guild's executive vice president. "During the past year we lost 600 members in three cities alone—New York, Pittsburgh and Detroit." The printing craft unions have fared little better.

Dilemma. Such gloomy statistics spell out a quandary that 20th century newspaper unions find increasingly difficult to resolve. For fear of losing, they do not dare challenge the sturdy and well-heeled independent papers that have successfully resisted organization for years: the Los Angeles *Times*, the Milwaukee *Journal*, the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, the Kansas City *Star*. And when they strike papers that are insecure enough to be susceptible to such assault, the unions now run a double risk. A strike may goad a desperate management into intransigence, or else hasten the death of a paper and yet another collection of jobs.

Japan's Wall Street Journal

The fastest-growing newspaper in Japan is not one of its five giant dailies with circulations of a million or more, but the *Wall Street Journal* of Japan's business world, *Nihon Keizai Shimbun* (circ. 850,000).

Like the fast-moving *Journal*, *Nikkei* gives most of its editorial space (75%) to business and economic affairs. It also provides its readers a well-edited daily dose of general news. But there the comparison ends.

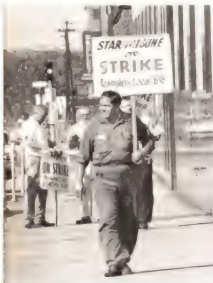
Art & Haiku. Interspersed with *Nikkei*'s business surveys, stock tables and industry profiles are features that seem to stretch its avowed policy to "inform the public of economic affairs." Each 16-page issue, for example, devotes one page to general news, including crime and the weather, one page to sports, another page to culture. *Nikkei*'s art criticism is rated as the best of any newspaper in Japan. And it even finds room for those familiar staples of all Japanese newspapers: a serialized novel and an assortment of haiku, the classic three-line poem whose origins go back centuries.

But it is as a business paper that *Nikkei* excels. There are 136 reporters assigned exclusively to economic beats, covering every facet of commerce, including agriculture (68,000 of *Nikkei*'s readers are farmers). The paper keeps correspondents in Hong Kong, New Delhi, Bonn, Paris, London and New York. Key reporters undergo an intensive two- to three-year training program during which they earn the equivalent of a graduate degree.

Zaibatsu & Politics. Tokyo's business journal was born 86 years ago, just after the country itself burst from feudalism with a bang that startled the world. *Nikkei*'s own progress to distinction was by no means as swift. A creation of one of the zaibatsu, or business cartels, that dominated Japan's early industrialization period, *Nikkei* struggled for years against public apathy. Its proprietors, the Mitsui interests, finally tired of their experiment in 1901, sold the paper to its staff (it remains a staff-owned paper today). When Japan attacked Pearl Harbor in 1941, *Nikkei*'s circulation was an unimpressive 120,000.

But Japan's postwar boom quickened a new national interest in business and financial affairs, and *Nikkei* at last began to grow. On the sound premise that politics and business are inseparable, Naoki Yorozu, 60, who joined the staff in 1927 and became president in 1956, improved the paper's political coverage—with such success that it is today among the best in Japan. The paper sorted out a recent Cabinet reshuffle with such concise and almost clairvoyant accuracy that it was able to name the next Foreign Minister before any other Tokyo paper.

Yorozu is expansion-minded. The paper is building a \$15 million headquarters in Tokyo (completion date: 1964), will come out this fall with an English-language weekly edition that will be printed on rice paper for easy air shipment to the U.S.



PICKETS IN MINNEAPOLIS
Miscalculation can be costly.

Newspaper Guild. As the other unions trickled back to work, the Teamsters stubbornly held out; they settled only after pinching an extra penny or two an hour more than anyone else. The long layoff cost both sides dearly: an estimated \$12.5 million in revenue for the papers, some \$3,000,000 in wages for the strikers. But the Minneapolis strike raised a question that was even more disturbing than the strike's local effects: with the number of newspapers in the U.S. dwindling at a worrisome rate, has labor's ultimate weapon become too dangerous to wield?

Will to Resist. The Minneapolis experience suggests that this may be so. When the unions throttled the city's two newspaper voices, they clearly miscalculated management's means—and will—to resist. The papers simply refused to cave in. In dealing with the holdout Teamsters, the *Star* and *Tribune* proved just as stubborn as Hoffa.

Newspaper history is studded with examples of similar miscalculations, most



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SPORT

Fight Talk

The scene: a recent press conference at the training camp of Heavyweight Challenger Charles ("Sonny") Liston, in New York's Catskill Mountains. Liston has not yet arrived; Trainer Willie Reddish and his assistant, Joe Polino, are talking with reporters and a London TV producer. Enter Liston, glowering.

Liston: Where that fifty bucks you owe me?

Polino: I dunno nuthin' about no fifty bucks.

Liston screws his heavy features into a frightening grimace. He swings a vicious right to Polino's jaw. The muscular assistant trainer staggers, spits out a mouthful of teeth, backs off and grabs a golf club to defend himself. Liston draws a gun. Bang! Bang! A red stain spreads slowly where Polino clutches his chest. Sportswriters flee in panic; one newsman from Baltimore cowers behind the fireplace. The TV producer faints dead away.

Knowing Sonny Liston's reputation for viciousness in the ring (33 victories, one loss, 23 knockouts) and his "bad boy" record outside it (19 arrests since 1950, on charges ranging from armed robbery to assaulting a police officer), his training camp visitors could be excused a certain amount of nervousness. But it was all only Liston's idea of a gag. Polino's lost "teeth" were actually white beans; the gun was a blank pistol, the blood ketchup—and the victims just Liston's playacting trainers. It is his sparring partners who are the victims of Liston's real malevolence.

"Don't Tell Me." One after another last week, they climbed bravely into the outdoor ring at The Pines, the swank borscht-and-bagels resort where Liston was training for his Sept. 25 bout with World Champion Floyd Patterson. One after another, they were helped out. "In the morning, Willie Reddish asks who's got The Bear today," sighed "Slim" Jim Robinson, who has had difficulty lasting one round. "And I say, 'Don't tell me until after I've eaten. I want to enjoy my breakfast.'" Onetime Welterweight Champion Barney Ross watched Liston deck another sparring partner five times, wryly suggested that Trainer Reddish import zombies from darkest Africa. "Where else are you going to find training partners? He's the kind that knocks you on the chin and breaks your ankle. He'll knock out Patterson in five rounds."

Psychological warfare is as much a part of boxing as the diets of raw steak, and before every fight the camps are full of scary stories about the mayhem inflicted on sparring partners. The journeymen pugs hired as sparring mates are not paid to make the star look bad—even if they could. Yet those in Liston's camp seem to stand in genuine awe of the 30-year-old giant who may yet prove to be one of the most powerful fighters in history. In training since the first week in May, he has trimmed his 6-ft. 1-in. frame down to 220

lbs. of bulging muscle, and he is one man who knows his own strength. Liston literally has knocked the stuffing out of a 45-lb. punching bag with one swipe of his right fist. He laughs disdainfully while Trainer Reddish slams a 12-lb. medicine ball into his stomach. In The Pines' steam room one day, Liston picked up a 50-lb. weight with his right hand, casually tossed it up over his head and caught it with his left. Gasp! Polino: "If you had dropped it, it would have been all over."

Aside from the practical jokes he plays on reporters, Liston has little time for fun. His wife Geraldine lives in a separate



BOXER LISTON
"Head 'em out! Let's go!"

cabin, sporadically attends his workouts. Liston sleeps alone, eats alone, often sits alone brooding or watching TV. Says Liston: "I love to swim and dance, but the fight is getting close. I'm cutting out all the playing and getting down to business." For Liston, business starts at 4:30 a.m., when he gets up, slips into a hooded sweatshirt and pounds on Reddish's door. "Head 'em up!" he yells. "Move 'em out! Let's go!" Before breakfast (two eggs, toast, tea), Liston hits the road for a fast-paced four-mile jaunt around a deserted golf course or over the cinders of an abandoned railroad track. "If your legs is good," he explains, "your wind is good."

Set to Music. Highlight of Liston's day is his public afternoon workout—as smoothly organized as a Broadway musical. The air is heavy with tension and dank with sweat; fans jam the 100-seat outdoor bleachers (at \$1 a seat), and rock 'n' roll blares from a portable phonograph. Pre-

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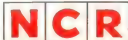
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cisely at 2:30 p.m., Liston announces his arrival with an electrifying rat-a-tat on the lightweight "speed bag." He begins to shadowbox, sliding lithely about the ring, huge fists darting out at imaginary opponents. "Time!" calls a handler, and Liston begins to whale away in earnest at his sparring partners. "Time!" again, and Liston switches his attack to the heavy punching bag. Then he skips rope (to the tune of *Night Train*), winds up his work-out with a dramatic, neck-wrenching headstand on a rubbing table.

Bigger and slower than Champion Patterson, Liston is working hard on speed, stamina and agility; he is well aware that he must catch Patterson before he can hit him. Once he gets within range, Liston is supremely confident of the result. At least he talks a great fight in advance. "I don't care when, where, or how we fight," he says. "I don't even care if Patterson's manager referees the fight. Just so long as he can count to ten."

Chasing the Pin Stripes

For the first half of the season, the American League pennant race seemed as unpredictable as a frog-jumping contest. In the first three months, four teams swapped the lead—Cleveland, Minnesota, New York, even the improbable Los Angeles Angels (TIME, July 13). At one point last month, only 31 games separated the first seven teams. But by last week, the league had settled down to a scramble for second place. On top of the pack once again were the perennial champion New York Yankees. They were just a little overdue.

As the season opened, tobacco-chewing Manager Ralph Houk, winner of a world championship in his first year on the job, was two- or three-men deep at most positions. Between them, Pitchers Whitey Ford and Luis Arroyo had won 40 games in 1961. Roger Maris had clouted 61 homers; Mickey Mantle had hit 54; Catcher Elston Howard had batted .348. The slick-fielding Yankee infield was the best in baseball. The Yankees seemed a sure shot to win their twelfth pennant in 14 years.

But things began to go wrong. Though he has won eleven games (compared with 19 last year at this time), Whitey Ford up to last week had pitched only three complete games all season long. His arm ruined by years of throwing a tortuous screwball, Bullpen Ace Arroyo retired temporarily to the disabled list. Taunted almost beyond his endurance by beer-crazed throwing fans and ill-equipped to handle the problems of instant fame, Maris was hitting an anemic .240, but he was lucky to manage 40 home runs this year. Manager Houk had only one .300 hitter—Mickey Mantle—in his line-up.

With no particular talent for winning, the Yankees still won, simply because they had no talent for losing. Hobbled for a month with a painful leg injury, Mantle returned to the line-up, limping badly, and hit seven homers in five games. Inspired by Mantle's return, Maris clouted nine in 17 games, and the Yankees

hurtled from fourth place to first in a single week, ran off nine victories in a row. Yankee bats might turn cold again, but there was still the Yankees' subtle pressure. "You look at the Yankee line-up," said a rival manager "and you say there's no reason why we shouldn't clobber these guys. Hell, they had to score four runs in the eighth inning to beat West Point in an exhibition game. Then you get in that Yankee Stadium, and you see those Yankee uniforms, and you say, 'What are we doing here? We just don't belong in this league.'"

Scoreboard

► Ted Kroll, 43, who had not won a major tournament since 1956 (the year he was pro golf's top money-winner with \$72,835), shot a ten-under-par 278 to win a two-stroke victory in the \$30,000 Canadian Open. Kroll's victory was worth \$4,300. U.S. Open Champion Jack Nicklaus (TIME cover, June 29) collected fifth-place money of \$1,450, preserved his remarkable record of having finished in the money in every P.G.A. tournament.

► Tuning up for the final trials to pick a defender for the America's Cup, the U.S. 12-meters took turns showing their sterns to one another in the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise. Six races were evenly divided, *Veleriti*, *Weatherly* and *Easterner* each winning twice. *Gretel*, Sir Frank Packer's Australian challenger, suffered a minor but quickly repaired embarrassment when she snapped her boom on the first day out.

► The Boston Red Sox' stocky Bill Monbouquette, who had not pitched a complete game since June 29, and was even dropped from the All-Star squad, allowed just one man to reach first base on a walk, pitched a masterful no-hitter against the Chicago White Sox. Score: Boston 1, Chicago 0. Monbouquette's no-hitter was the fourth in the major leagues this season.

► Returning to the races for the first time since his stirring victory in the Belmont Stakes last June, George D. Widener's handsome, cantankerous dark bay colt Jaipur swept to an easy, 41-length victory in the \$56,300 Choice Stakes at New Jersey's Monmouth Park, virtually clinched three-year-old Horse of the Year honors.

► At first it looked like a bargain. In return for Veteran Halfback Bobby Mitchell and Rookie Leroy Jackson, the Cleveland Browns persuaded the Washington Redskins to part with Halfback Ernie Davis, two-year Syracuse All-America and the National Football League's No. 1 draft choice. But the deal went sour when Davis, the most highly-touted rookie to hit the league in years, was hospitalized with a blood disorder and doctors announced that he would be unable to play football in 1962.

► Invited to the Japanese swimming championships at Osaka, a teen-age U.S. squad repaid its hosts by sweeping 21 of 29 events. Between them, U.S. and Japanese swimmers smashed 19 Japanese and two world records.

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In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place. Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

SCIENCE

Reaching for the Moon

[See Cover]

On a stony California ridge, a rocket engine wide as a barn door lit the sky like an erupting volcano, while its roar racketed for 45 miles across the Mojave Desert. In a quiet Massachusetts laboratory, scientists carefully tuned a new and incredibly sensitive radio receiver designed to trap signals from far-out space. All over the U.S. last week, the story was the same: thousands of scientists and engineers sweated over strange new jobs—jobs more difficult than any they had ever attempted before. In a frenzy of creativity, they were producing new materials, machines, instruments, methods of measurement and computation. And no matter how well they did, they could be sure that they would soon be called on to do better. In his anxious assault on space, man has only begun to imagine how much effort he must expend, or how far that effort may take him.

For the U.S., the first real target was boldly defined on May 25, 1961, when President Kennedy told Congress: "I believe that this nation should commit itself to achieving the goal, before this decade is out, of landing a man on the moon and

returning him safely to the earth." At that moment the U.S. was behind in the race to get men into space. The Russians had already shot Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin on an orbit around the earth; blazing a trail for future space travelers, they had taken pictures of the unseen face of the moon. U.S. Astronaut Alan Shepard had been forced to settle for a brief 302-mile arc that was sadly short of orbit.

But though the U.S. could not yet match the Soviet space spectaculars, the once-starved U.S. space program had made broad progress since that dismaying Friday in October 1957 when Soviet Sputnik I started its beeping, curving course. Dozens of unmanned satellites had been shot aloft to circle the earth, and each one had taught engineers more about rocket techniques, told scientists more about the space environment that wraps the world.

Focused Brilliance. Jack Kennedy's challenge, and the money he mentioned so calmly (\$531 million in fiscal '63 and \$7 billion to \$9 billion during the next five years), supplied a new and powerful boost to the U.S. space campaign. Just as basic was the choice six months later of a round-eyed, enthusiastic electrical engineer named Dyer Brainerd Holmes to

head the U.S. effort to reach for the moon.

In a new and proliferating profession that swarms with specialists of fiercely focused brilliance, Spaceman Holmes supplies a varied and vital collection of talents. At 40, he had already earned a reputation for big-league engineering triumphs. He had taken charge of RCA's \$40 million Talos antiaircraft missile program and had made the complicated bird fly right on its first try. ("The first Talos we fired at White Sands," Holmes remembers with pleasure, "knocked the target drone so flat they couldn't find the engines.") He had bossed the design and construction of BMEWS (Ballistic Missile Early Warning System), the Air Force's gigantic, \$1.3 billion northern radar system, and made it a personal triumph. With BMEWS, he proved that he could handle touchy and cost-conscious subcontractors, that he knew how to keep materials moving, that he dared to talk up to superiors at home while keeping subordinates happy on the job. Easygoing engineers in search of placid lives had already learned to avoid Brainerd Holmes. Ambitious workers—from hard-hat musclemen to round-shouldered slip-stick artists—were already clamoring to work under the Brooklyn-born straw boss.

The young man who had tickled BMEWS was a natural to tackle the moon. But at RCA, Holmes was making about \$50,000 a year, plus the liberal fringe benefits (expense account, stock options) with which successful corporations beguile high-bracket help. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration could offer him full command of all U.S. manned space flight, including Jack Kennedy's promised voyage to the moon—and a salary deeply cut to \$21,000 a year.

Unknown Perils. Says his friend Eugene F. O'Neill, boss of Bell Laboratories' Telstar program: "Here he had this incredible project dropped in his lap. It was like being asked to navigate for Christopher Columbus. He kept asking how he could live with himself if he turned it down. In the end, it was his desire to push back the boundaries that prevailed. He has a streak of romanticism, religion, patriotism. He is not the cold, calculating type." So Brainerd Holmes sold his Moorestown, N.J., home, moved his family (wife and two teen-age daughters, Dorothy, 17, Katherine, 13) to a modest house in Washington.

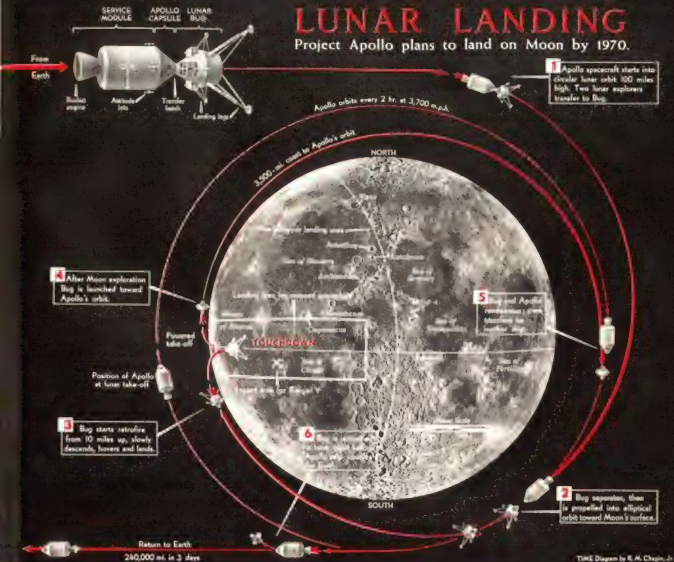
The prospect was not wholly reassuring. Making a manned voyage to the moon and back is far more difficult than cartoonists, space fictioneers, or even most engineers think. It is more hazardous than the six-orbit Mercury mission scheduled for this summer. It involves almost every science known to man—including microbiology, astrophysics, and the farthest-out varieties of chemistry. It demands massive knowledge in such fields as lunar geology, as yet practically unexplored. The project is full of unknowns, threatened with unimagined perils, and it calls for money in war-sized chunks. Before the first American flies to the moon, Brainerd



F-1 ROCKET ENGINE TEST IN MOJAVE DESERT
From the throat, a sound beyond description.

LUNAR LANDING

Project Apollo plans to land on Moon by 1970.



TIME Diagram by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

Holmes will have to spend at least \$20 billion. The tab may mount without surprising anyone, to \$40 billion or more.

BUILDING BIGGER BOOSTERS

Catching up with the Soviets in booster rockets was the first problem. There has been heartening progress. Besides the none-too-reliable military Atlases that put the first Mercury astronauts in their orbits, the U.S. now has the Air Force Titan II, which is just starting its tests but is already considered a very reliable bird. Its structure is stiffer than the thin-skinned Atlas and its two stages have thrust enough (1,430,000 lbs. and 100,000 lbs.) to make the next big advance in space, orbiting the two-man Gemini capsule around the earth.

An even bigger booster, the Saturn C-1, is not just a military weapon at all but an integral part of the Apollo man-on-the-moon project. Developed at NASA's Marshall Space Flight Center at Huntsville, Ala., its first stage is largely the creation of famed Werner von Braun, who de-

signed V-2 rockets for the Nazis in World War II. With eight H-1 (Atlas) engines bound together to produce 1,500,000 lbs. of thrust, the Saturn C-1 has been test-flown twice from Cape Canaveral, and it worked perfectly each time. The future star of the Apollo Project, the Advanced Saturn (C-5) has yet to take final shape, but its most critical segment, the great F-1 engine developed by North American Aviation, Inc., is familiar to thousands of startled Californians as the loudest inhabitant of their state. The F-1 is 15 ft. to 20 ft. tall and 16 ft. across the end of its thrust chamber. Two big to be tested at "Suzy," North American's test facility in the Santa Susana Mountains northwest of Los Angeles, it is trucked to Lehighman Ridge in the Mojave Desert. There the test stand towers 275 ft. above the rocky ground. Tucked in its steel skeleton are tanks for lox (liquid oxygen) and kerosene while stairs, cables, and many-colored pipes thread their way among the girders. The F-1 looks small in this immense structure, but it does not act small.

After a careful countdown, a brilliant spout of flame bursts from its throat, and a sound beyond description rolls across the desert. The flame hits a steel deflector 150 ft. below, spreads in a wide fan, and pushes ahead of it a dense cloud of smoke, steam, dust and rocks.

Five of these mighty machines, which are now well into their final reliability tests, will lift each Saturn C-5 off the ground with 7,500,000 lbs. of thrust. Then a second stage, with five J-2 hydrogen-burning engines (1,000,000 lbs. total thrust) will take over. Between them, the two stages will be capable of putting a 240,000-lb. payload on an earth orbit 140 miles high. A third stage, with a single J-2 engine, will push 60,000 lbs. to earth escape velocity and deliver that hefty payload at the moon.

State of the Art. When Brainerd Holmes and his NASA associates talk about the C-5, the basic tool of their moon mission, they are not bothered at all that it is still unfinished. No F-1 engine has been fired except on a test stand,



HOLMES (LEFT) & VON BRAUN (RIGHT) AT NASA CONFERENCE⁵
Every science known to man.

and the J-2 hydrogen engine (also made by North American) is even farther from flight. None of this worries Holmes. Like most engineers, he is used to forecasting the technical future by figuring what can be accomplished with combinations and modifications of existing equipment. There is nothing in the C-5 Advanced Saturn, he says, that is beyond the present "state of the art." Since the smaller engines of the Saturn C-1 have flown successfully in clusters of eight, then the F-1 engines can surely be harnessed in clusters of five. He also concedes that liquid hydrogen, basic to the Apollo project, is an extremely difficult fuel, but insists that its problems can be licked.

STUDYING THE ROUTE

The most crying U.S. need in space is big boosters. But before men can fly to the moon, land there, and return to earth in reasonably good condition many more facts will have to be gathered about the hostile space environment. Space doctors will have to learn more about how the human body reacts to space conditions. More must be learned about the sun, which sends out deadly radiation at capricious intervals. Meteors must be counted and weighed, and their effects assessed. The moon must be studied and resurfaced before a manned vehicle can hope to land there safely. Even the earth itself must be studied more closely; it is the target of homebound space voyagers, and its appearance as seen from space is little known.

Strange Birds. These are some of the concerns of the NASA divisions that deal with unmanned flight. Since the instrumented vehicles that these divisions shoot into space can be much smaller than those that will be needed by human crews, much of their hardware is already in space and functioning magnificently. Other strange birds are ready, or almost ready, to go.

The Goddard Space Flight Center at Greenbelt, Md., ten miles northeast of Washington, controls all unmanned civilian space vehicles intended to stay this side of the moon. Like all NASA centers, Goddard is a raw-looking and fast-growing place, spreading like a frontier clearing into a forest that formerly belonged to the earthbound Department of Agri-

culture. Its buildings, with odd antennas sprouting from their roofs, suggest the fearful complexity of the space age. Co-axial cables rear out of the ground and dive into the innards of electronic computers. Owl-like young mathematicians wander in forests of electronics, flicking computer switches and managing somehow to look both callow and wise.

Young engineers set a strange contraption in the sunlight and watch it click and squirm and eerily point toward the sun. Colleagues gather to admire, their talk tangled with figures and newborn jargon. Nothing is simple at Goddard. In the corner of a control room is a small telephone switchboard attended by a bored young man. It looks as if it belonged in a flyblown small-town hotel, but it has a space-age name, SCAMA (Switching, Conferencing and Monitoring Arrangement), and it is the center of the world's only global voice communication network. By flicking a switch, SCAMA's operator can talk clearly and instantaneously with NASA stations that belt the globe, including such odd spots as Kano, Nigeria, and Woomera in Australia's desert. When an astronaut is aloft, SCAMA can follow his voice sweeping all the way around the earth.

Scientific satellites may be built elsewhere, but they usually come to Goddard for final testing. As space scientists develop more ambitious creations that are harder to test under simulated space conditions, Goddard is getting ready for them with its nearly completed Space Environment Simulator. The Simulator can take into its belly a spidery satellite 40 ft. high and 28 ft. across. Then pumps will draw out the air, creating a hard vacuum just like that existing in space 250 miles high. The chamber's walls can be cooled to match the deathly cold of space, and a battery of arc lamps above quartz windows simulates the fierce unscreened sunlight. If a satellite survives this torture, it will probably work in actual space.

Bell Telephone Labs built the incredibly successful Telstar communications satellite, but Goddard men launched it, and NASA's rich experience with space electronics made its triumph possible. Other communications satellites are even now in the works, including Relay, a joint NASA-RCA project that will be launched

late this year, and Syncom, which will be placed in orbit 22,300 miles above the earth. Any one of these systems, or a combination, may eventually handle the bulk of the world's long-distance communications. These complicated communications satellites may soon become the biggest kind of commercial business, justifying in dollars and cents a hefty part of the U.S. space investment.

Even more ambitious satellites are approaching completion. One will study the physics of the earth from an advantageous distance; another will carry a telescope and other instruments to observe the stars, planets and other heavenly bodies without the distortions and loss caused by the earth's atmosphere. Both satellites not only will change profoundly their respective sciences, but the knowledge that they send down from space will contribute heavily to the success of manned space navigation.

Unmanned exploration of the moon itself is the job of NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif. Mostly because of launch difficulties, none of the JPL's first four Ranger spacecraft has yet sent usable data back from the moon. But the next two are almost finished, and JPL considers them much superior to their predecessors. The job of Ranger 5 will be to land (at 100 m.p.h.) a package of tough instruments on the moon. A temperature-sensing device will report the moon's horribly hot and cold climate over a tiny radio, and a seismometer will feel the ground for moon-quakes or shocks caused by meteor impacts.

Such information, skillfully interpreted, will be valuable for planning manned landings on the moon. More valuable still will be detailed pictures of the moon radioed to earth by Ranger 6 just before it crashes to destruction. Even such fleeting views should tell much more about the moon's mysterious surface than is now known. Another moon explorer under development by JPL and Hughes Aircraft is Surveyor, which will try to make a soft landing on

⁵ Far side of table: Dr. Robert Giluth, George M. Law, William E. Lilly, Brigadier General Charles Roadman, Clyde B. Rothner, Dr. Eberhard Ross.

Near side: Walter Williams, Milton W. Rosen, Dr. Kurt Debus, James E. Sloan, Dr. Joseph Shea.

the moon, take closeup pictures and transmit them to earth, besides analyzing samples of moon "soil." Later spacecraft will orbit the moon, photographing its topography in detail while mechanical eyes search for safe landing places for the spacecraft of human explorers. Long before men set foot on the moon instruments will have made many parts of its surface fairly familiar.

Intricate Monsters. As Holmes and his NASA associates lay plans for invading the moon, they can safely assume that scientific knowledge will have increased enormously before the first flights begin. Their urgent concern now is to prepare launching facilities with which to make those flights. Technical direction of the program will eventually come from the Manned Spacecraft Center, 36 miles southeast of Houston. At present, NASA's 1,600-acre tract of rangeland (formerly part of the J. M. West ranch) looks like a playground for bulldozers. Little actual building has started, but eventually the area will have laboratories, office buildings and massive test communications and control facilities.

On the Mississippi, at New Orleans NASA has acquired the great, Government-owned Michoud plant, which made torpedo boats in World War II. There the bulky segments of the C-5 Advanced Saturns will be assembled. They will then be taken by barge (the only way they can be carried) to a thinly inhabited area in nearby Mississippi for static testing. Then they will be floated along the Intracoastal Waterway to Cape Canaveral for final assembly and launching into space.

At Canaveral, once an Air Force property, NASA has begun to look and act like the majority stockholder. The gaudy and gaudy of the military "Missile Row" are busier than ever, but they are dwarfed by the 370-ft. gantry and 230-ft. umbilical tower of the Saturn C-5 site which boasts the most elaborate blockhouse in the space business. A second gantry and tower are rising fast, and far-

ther north NASA is buying thousands of acres of beachland, swamp and orange groves for the stupendous equipment needed to launch the great C-5 moon rockets. These intricate monsters, 125 ft. tall, will not be put together on the pads as is the present practice. The C-5s will be assembled on 2,500-ton racks, each supported on eight crawler treads 15 ft. high. An umbilical tower will stand at one end, the rocket at the other end. When assembly is complete, the entire mechanism will creep to the launching sites at one mile per hour along wide, heavy-duty roads. The assembly building, crawler roads and launch sites for the C-5s will cost \$400 million, which alone is nearly four times the yearly cost of maintaining all national parks.

Preferred LOR. No C-5s are scheduled to fly before 1965, but assembly and launch facilities must be started well ahead. Much of Holmes's attention goes into such planning, but not long ago he had to make a more crucial decision: he had to select the "mode" in which the first men will fly to the moon.

According to present NASA thinking there are only three possible methods for making a manned moon expedition. The direct approach requires a multi-stage rocket big enough to fly straight to the moon and land a manned spacecraft there with everything needed for the return trip back to earth. Mode No. 2 is Earth Orbit Rendezvous (EOR), which requires two rockets to meet on an orbit around the earth. One of them fuels itself from the other and departs, replenished, for the moon. In mode No. 3, LOR (Lunar Orbit Rendezvous), a single rocket will proceed to the moon and park its manned upper stage in a lunar orbit. Then a small manned landing craft will descend to the lunar surface, stay there for a short while and climb up again for orbital rendezvous before returning to earth.

Until recently NASA officially favored Earth Orbit Rendezvous. But now Lunar Orbit Rendezvous has become the most-

favored mode. Dr. Joseph F. Shea, Holmes's deputy in charge of systems, makes a convincing case for the decision. Each mode says Shea was broken down into major elements starting with take-off from the earth. To each element was assigned a number expressing its relative hazard as accurately as possible. A very safe element, for instance, might have been given the fraction .0008 while a very dangerous one might have gotten .75, meaning that it would probably fail one out of four times. After all the hazard numbers, from take-off to return, were multiplied together, the result represented the hazard of the whole mode. In the final reckoning, LOR looked best. Chief advantage is the smallness of the lunar landing vehicle, which will be easier and safer to set down on the moon. Shea is sure that rendezvous near the moon will be no more difficult than rendezvous near the earth.

There are still too many unknowns for NASA scientists to make an irreversible decision. But Holmes smiles with a hint of apology. "We have to choose some plan, or we'd better pack up and go home." Then he turns intensely serious. "We can't change too often though. It costs too much money." He picks from his desk a child's china bank in the shape of a rocket. When he puts a nickel in the slot, the coin falls right out through the open bottom. "A friend gave me this," he says, "to keep me thinking about the taxpayers' money."

TRAINING FOR THE MOON

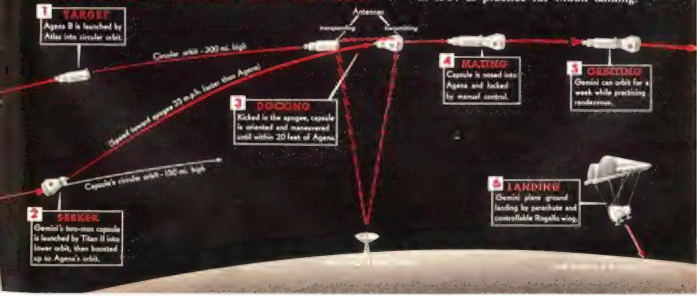
The earth-circling trips of the astronauts and cosmonauts were almost as passive as floating down a river on an earless raft. Making a rendezvous in space will have to be learned by long, expensive and dangerous practice.

The basic trainers will be the two-man Gemini® capsules, shortly before the as-

Illustration by Dick Spence. Spacecraft components of Gemini.

RENDEZVOUS IN SPACE

Project Gemini plans Earth orbital flights in 1964 as practice for Moon landing.





ZERO GRAVITY PRACTICE IN TANK
Spin may supply the Gs.

tronauts take off in one, an Atlas will shoot an unmanned Agena-B rocket into a circular orbit 100 miles above the earth. When the orbit has been carefully determined by ground observers, a Titan II will toss a manned Gemini capsule into a 130-mile orbit in the same plane. Being nearer the earth, the Gemini will move slightly faster than its Agena target. When the two craft reach the proper relative positions, the astronauts, having made their calculations, will fire small rockets just long enough to boost their capsule into an elliptical orbit that will carry it up toward the target.

If all goes well, the astronauts will locate the target by radar or by spotting its flashing strobe light. Though they will be circling the earth at enormous speed (18,000 m.p.h.) the two vehicles will be approaching each other at a relatively low rate, perhaps 35 m.p.h. After carefully measuring the target's relative speed by Doppler radar, the astronauts will fire small bursts from their rockets, gradually slowing their approach to a few feet per second, the speed of a slow walk. At some point they will give their craft "a kick in the apogee" to turn its elliptical orbit into a circular path matching the curve of the target.

During early rendezvous practice, Gemini crews will probably depend on guidance from the ground. Later, crews will make their own calculations; they will also actually "dock" the two satellites, bringing together interlocking parts that "mate" firmly. At the end of each mission, the target rocket will be abandoned and the Gemini capsule will head back to the earth's surface. NASA hopes to land it on the comparatively friendly land instead of the unfriendly sea. The landing area has not yet been selected, but it will probably be set in the Plains states east of the Rocky Mountains. The Gemini may make its final touchdown suspended

under the airy-looking Rogallo wing,* an inflated combination of parachute and glider (see diagram) that can be steered to a favorable spot.

After quite a number of Gemini crews have been trained in basic rendezvous techniques, they will graduate to larger, more complicated Apollo capsules, which will contain all the apparatus needed for a landing on the moon, including the "bug," more formally called the Lunar Excursion Vehicle. While circling around the earth, the astronauts will enter the bug, detach it, take short space rides in it, and finally return to earth in the parent vehicle. These operations will be almost exactly the same as those the astronauts will have to perform when making a rendezvous on an orbit around the moon. No landing on the moon will be attempted until several crews are proficient and all predictable operating difficulties have been eliminated.

DESTINATION MOON

At last the great C-5 rockets will be ready. The first that goes to the moon may not attempt to land; instead, it may merely cruise around to give its crew a good look. Later trips may go into brief lunar orbits, but not land either. If all goes well, before the end of President Kennedy's promised decade, will come the moment of truth. A C-5 with a tightly trained crew and full supplies will take off from Canaveral. After its first two stages have burned, it will swing into a parking orbit around the earth. After making sure that all is well, the astronauts will take their departure for the moon, burning just enough fuel to reach earth-escape velocity.

Weighing about 85,000 lbs., the moon

* Named for Aerodynamicist Francis Rogallo of Langley Research Center, pioneer developer of the portable wing.

bound spacecraft will have three parts: the command module, housing the three-man crew; the service module, with supplies, engines and propellants; and the small landing bug. During the three-day voyage to the moon, the astronauts will make computations and burn fuel to correct their course. They will also take the bug out of the rear of the service module and attach it to the nose of the command module. After arriving in the vicinity of the moon, they will burn a little more fuel to nudge their ship into a 100-mile-high lunar orbit. Then two of the crewmen will crawl into the bug through an airlock and detach it.

The bug will have its own rocket engines. By firing those engines briefly, the crew will be able to put their ship into an elliptical orbit that will dip to within ten miles of the moon's airless surface. As they swoop through perigee, the men in the bug will study the barren geography below, trying to recognize places that they have seen on maps and photographs. They will be able to correct their orbit as they climb back to apogee.

If anything has gone wrong, they will still have a chance to rejoin the mother ship and return to earth without landing. But if all is well, they will make their landing attempt on their next close approach to the moon. By burning sufficient fuel, they will check the motion of their bug, making it sink slowly toward the surface. They will be able to hover for about one minute and move sideways 1,000 ft. in search of a good landing place. Finally the bug will settle down, steadying itself on four spidery legs.

Later crews may spend as many as four days exploring the moon, but the first men to land will probably take off again promptly. They will wait only for the mother ship to appear overhead. When it is about 3° behind their zenith, they will

SPACE AGE SLANG

Angels. Misleading radar signals usually caused by birds, or bugs in the circuitry.

Auntie. Anti-missile mis file.

Barber chair. Adjustable seat for an astronaut.

Beast. Big missile or rocket.

Bird. Any missile or rocket.

Brain. Missile guidance system.

Creeps. Itchy skin caused by low pressure in a capsule.

Elephant ear. Thick metal plate that reinforces a missile's skin.

Garbage. Rocket parts that go into orbit along with a satellite.

Kick in the apogee. Raising a satellite's orbit by firing a rocket engine at its point of maximum altitude.

Malfunction Junction. Cape Canaveral.

N.I.H. Not invented here.

Peenemünde South. Huntsville, Ala., headquarters of Dr. Werner von Braun.

Scrub Club. Program with many annoying failures.

Sitting fat. Successfully in orbit.

fire their rockets and rise vertically, leaving their landing gear behind. Because of low lunar gravity (16% of the earth's) and lack of atmosphere, take-off from the moon should be comparatively easy. NASA planners believe that finding the mother ship and joining it will be no more difficult than long-practiced rendezvous with the same equipment while on earth orbit. The bug will be abandoned, to circle endlessly around the moon, and the reunited three-man crew will head back for earth. They will have to graze the atmosphere, hitting a "corridor" only 40 miles deep, but they will have plenty of time to correct their course.

As they explain these maneuvers, NASA enthusiasts make the trip sound as simple as a Sunday picnic, but no one actually believes that the voyage will be safe or easy. All sorts of unexpected obstacles may force changes of plan. No one knows, for instance, whether human bodies can stand a full week exposed to zero gravity. If they cannot, some sort of substitute gravity will have to be supplied by spinning the spacecraft—a stunt that will call for radically new apparatus. Another unknown is the lunar surface; no one is sure at present just how hostile it is. Astronomers point out that it is inconceivably old, that it has stewed in a vacuum and been exposed to fierce radiation for billions of years. It may be spotted with strange things, such as free radicals—highly reactive fragments of chemical compounds—that are best avoided by humans. Another threat may come from storms of deadly particles shot out of solar eruptions. The first flights to the moon are scheduled for a period when the sun will be extremely active, so NASA men hope that astrophysicists will soon find some way to predict eruptions dependably in advance.

Bright for Fear. Holmes knows all these dangers—and many more that he does not discuss with visitors. But when asked if his job ever frightens him, he has a ready reply: "No, I'm not bright enough."

The truth is, Brainerd Holmes is bright enough to be frightened, and not a bit ashamed of his fears. But he knows he must give those fears short shrift. "We have plenty of skeptics," he says. "They're all over the place, and loud. But the head of the project can't be a skeptic." Looking back across his high-arching career, Holmes has never had a taste for action-defeating doubts. At Cornell, where he studied electrical engineering, he was president of his fraternity. Chi Psi, "I was made president for two reasons," he explains disarmingly. "I was a pretty able fellow, and the class was pretty depleted by the war." Holmes himself got into the war briefly, serving at Pearl Harbor in 1944 in a radar maintenance pool. "My Navy career was good for me," he laughs, "but not much good for them." Before war's end he married his college sweetheart, Dorothy ("Docky") Bonnet, and when he came home he went to work for the Western Electric Co. in Kearney, N.J.

Everyone he ever worked with remembers him as a restless, dynamic worker, and as a scientist who was not afraid to work with his own hands. He repaired the plumbing and electrical wiring in his own house, designed and built his own TV set, serviced his own car.

The Knack. He was an ideal systems engineer from the start. "The problem in systems engineering," says Dr. Elmer Engstrom, president of RCA and one of Holmes's early bosses, "is to find people with a special knack for marrying men, machines, tactics and everything else into one large system. We could see right away that Holmes had the knack." Says O'Neill, "He made quite a splash with it—and did

limits, and the giant radars worked up to every specification.

Noon Alarm. On one famous occasion they worked too well. One October night in 1960, as the powerful pulses from Thule's radar swept rhythmically over the ice cap, back came strong reflections that showed as targets on the radar screens. This was just what BMEWS was built for. Warning of possible missile attack flashed across ice and tundra to the North American Air Defense Command at Colorado Springs; a frantic flap spread over the continent. Airbases waited for red alerts, their bombers poised on the runways. Roused out of bed at home in Moorestown, Holmes listened carefully to



HOLMES & FAMILY. "Docky," KATHERINE & DOROTHY
Columbus would have liked a one-shot.

it on schedule, within costs, and made it work as advertised.

Not long after Holmes went to work for RCA, building Talos, he earned a proud title: "One-Shot Holmes." But making Talos work the first time was simple compared with his next job, on BMEWS. Worried by the nightmare of Russian missiles curving southward across the Arctic Ocean, the Air Force desperately wanted radars that could warn of a missile's approach. No ordinary radars could do the job; it was a Holmes plan that got RCA its most expensive contract ever.

In one of the world's worst climates, in all-day darkness and howling blizzards and in a place that can be reached by ship with luck, only three months each summer, Holmes's hot-shot organization built at Thule, Greenland, two radar reflectors as big as football fields set on edge. The radar beams that they fired over the horizon were strong enough to kill a man who blundered into them.

This vast, unprecedented program required the coordination of 3,000 private subcontractors. Holmes's crew hit every target date, kept within Air Force budget

a telephoned description of the frightening signals and realized what must have happened. Radar pulses from Thule had soared far beyond Russia and hit the rising moon 240,000 miles away. Reflected back to earth in 2.6 seconds, they showed up on the radar screens exactly the same as reflections from much nearer missiles might have done.

When the excitement died down, Holmes taught BMEWS how to distinguish between the moon and missiles. But he could hardly know that this would not be his last tangle with that cold and distant target. Whatever obstacles he stumbles into, Brainerd Holmes is determined to hit the moon on schedule. The U.S. space program must proceed at top speed, he argues, even if the Russians (whose space spectaculars are the principal goal that moves Congress to the necessary generosity) should retire wholly from the space race. "When a great nation is faced with a technological challenge," says Scientist Holmes with scientific directness, "it has to accept or go backward. Space is the future of man, and the U.S. must keep ahead in space."

RELIGION

Advancing Adventists

As 1,307 delegates from 102 countries gathered for a World Conference of the Seventh-day Adventists in San Francisco last week, there was a note of gentle irony in their choice of one of their meeting places—the Cow Palace. Vegetarians by conviction, almost all Adventists abstain from meat. They tend to abstain from alcohol, nicotine, coffee, tea, cosmetics, jewelry, dancing, card playing, movies, the theater, and "sensational" TV shows.

Some of these aversions they share with other strongly fundamentalist and austere Protestant groups. What sets the Seventh-day Adventists strikingly apart from their fellow Protestants is two major points of doctrine. One is that the Adventists honor Saturday as the Sabbath, the Biblical seventh day. The other is the belief that the second coming of Christ is pre-millennial and imminent: "The time is not known but near."

Girdling the Globe. That this apocalyptic message finds good growing weather in the apocalyptic temper of the nuclear age was clear in the statistics cited at the conference. Since 1948, time of the last convention, 350,000 new members have been baptized (by total immersion), swelling the church's ranks to 1,307,800. In 1961 a record 101,600 members were added to church rolls. Rigorously tithing, Adventists poured more than \$223 million into church coffers in the past four years, a gain of \$54 million over the previous four.

With these funds, the intensely mission-minded Adventists deployed a task force of 1,861 missionaries, maintained 13,000 globe-girdling churches, supported 6,091 denominational schools, financed 108 hospitals and 111 clinics, including leper colonies. They are strong in the



SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST DELEGATES IN SAN FRANCISCO

The time is not known but near.

South Pacific, and have breached the Iron Curtain, counting among their members 30,000 in Communist China and 40,000 in Soviet Russia. But Adventists are proud of all of the tropical growth rate of the South African Division: 70,000 converts in the past four years.

Un-Christian Practice? Paradoxically, the color question stirred up the one breath of dissidence at the San Francisco conference. "The religion of the Bible recognizes no caste or color," said third-term Adventist World President Reuben R. Figuhr, reiterating the historical position of the Seventh-day Adventists. But militant Negro Adventists, banded together

in the Laymen's Leadership Conference, charged that church practice is "un-Christian" compared with officially stated policy. Case in point: Burrell Scott, 38, building contractor and leading lay official of the Negro Adventist Church of Oberlin, Ohio, journeyed to San Francisco to register a protest that his daughter Erica, 13, had been rejected for admittance to the Adventists' Mount Vernon Academy in Mount Vernon, Ohio. (The school was all white last year, will admit one Negro this fall.) Complained Scott testily: "Some of our ministers believe there's a separate white heaven and a colored heaven."

Whether yielding to outward pressure or inner conscience, the San Francisco delegates went on to elect Frank L. Peterson, 60, the first Negro vice president in General Conference history, thus assuring Negroes of a larger voice in future church affairs.

Cosmic Cataclysm. The U.S. Adventist movement dates from the early decades of the 19th century, when an upstate New York farmer named William Miller convinced some 30,000 Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians that Christ's second coming would take place on Oct. 22, 1844. His forecast's failure for a time cost the movement much credibility. The Seventh-day Adventists, formally organized in 1863, have made no specific predictions, and the faith has become strong.

Dr. Francis D. Nichol, editor of the denomination's *Review and Herald*, spoke for the entire conference when he said: "The spirit of the modern scientific age to which the churches have so largely succumbed is against the very idea of a cataclysmic, supernatural event, but that is precisely what we declare that the Advent will be."



ECUMENICAL TOURISM last week produced a pair of unprecedented visits. In Moscow, Dr. Arthur Michael Ramsey, the first Archbishop of Canterbury ever to set foot in the U.S.S.R., met Patriarch Alexei of the Russian Orthodox Church. In Rome, Pope John XXIII met Dr. Shizuka Matsubara, head of the Kenkun Shrine in Kyoto, Japan, became the first Roman Pontiff to receive a Shinto high priest.





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MILESTONES

Divorced. By Millie Perkins, 24, slim, hazel-eyed Hollywood actress, who scored a hit three years ago in *The Diary of Anne Frank*; Dean Stockwell, 26, stage (*Compulsion*) and screen (*Sons and Lovers*) actor; after two years of marriage, no children; on grounds of mental cruelty; in Santa Monica.

Died. Edgar H. Dixon, 57, president of the \$1 billion Middle South Utilities Inc., and the man in the eye of the 1955 Dixon-Yates storm over a \$107 million contract to supply private power in the Tennessee Valley Authority area; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Washington, D.C. After advocates of public power forced a Senate investigation, charging that it was all a scheme to cripple TVA, President Eisenhower was eventually forced to cancel the deal; Dixon vainly sued the Government for \$1,867,454 that he claimed his company lost in the squabble.

Died. Richard Aldington, 70, controversial British biographer whose 1955 *Lawrence of Arabia: A Biographical Enquiry* inquired so deeply into the legends surrounding T. E. Lawrence, the World War I hero (in Aldington's view he was a liar and a fraud), that it brought cries of outraged protest from Lawrence fans the world over; of a heart attack; in Sury-en-Vaux, France. An expatriate who spent most of his life in France and Italy, Aldington wrote more than 40 books, including his brilliantly angry look back at World War I, *Death of a Hero*.

Died. George R. Fink, 75, crusty, autocratic U.S. steelmaker, who began as a 106-an-hour open-hearth laborer, rose to affluence as a steel salesman to Detroit's pre-World War I auto industry, went on to found Michigan Steel Corp. and Great Lakes Steel Corp., then merged them with two others to form National Steel, which under his presidency (1929-54) became the fifth largest U.S. producer; of generalized arteriosclerosis; in Grosse Pointe.

Died. Burton Edwin Shotton, 77, one of baseball's least noisy and best liked managers, who twice replaced Leo ("The Lip") Durocher as skipper of the Brooklyn Dodgers, taking over in 1947 after Durocher drew a season's suspension for feuding with Yankee Boss Larry MacPhail, and coming back again in 1948 after Durocher quit to manage the New York Giants, twice piloted the Dodgers to National League pennants; of a heart attack; in Lake Wales, Fla.

Died. Dean Bartlett Cromwell, 82, longtime track coach at the University of Southern California, who from 1909 to 1948 produced teams that won more national championships (twelve) and more individual honors (among his champions: World Record Sprinters Charlie Paddock, Frank Wycoff, Mel Patton) than any other coach; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles.

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THE CITY

The Do-It-Yourself Acropolis

Auger-tongued H. L. Mencken once described vast stretches of the U.S. as a "Sahara of the Bozart." In those days grand opera companies or symphony orchestras seldom ventured outside a dozen or so of the largest cities; public art museums, if they existed at all, were usually ill-lit annexes to the local fossil and arrowhead collection. The theater meant Broadway, and the road companies that once trouped every town hall in the land had long since bowed to the onslaughts of celluloid and popcorn.

Today, across the U.S., culture centers are springing up like puffballs on a dewy morning. To date, close to \$375 million is involved in building projects scheduled to house the arts in 70 cities. It has even developed into a kind of competition. Local boosters now tout their cities' artistic attractions more than their rail connections, and the effort is paying off: IBM's choice of Rochester, Minn., San Jose, Calif., and Westchester, N.Y., for new locations was swayed by the lively cultural life in those areas. In Cincinnati, Procter & Gamble mails a brochure on local cultural events to potential recruits. Projects to woo the muses and the masses are now big business, and range in scope and ambition from Manhattan's \$142 million Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, which opens for business next month with the completion of the new Philharmonic Hall, to Rockville, Md., which has recently built itself a \$190,000 art center. Among the more notable projects

MODERN LIVING

► Los Angeles. The \$25 million Music Center designed by Welton Becket & Associates comprises a 3,310-seat auditorium for the Los Angeles Philharmonic; a circular amphitheater for experimental drama seating 869, equipped with an elevator stage; a theater with 1,700 seats for plays. More than half the cost is coming from revenue bonds backed by Los Angeles County, the rest by private donation. It is a pet project of Mrs. Norman Chandler, wife of the publisher of the Los Angeles Times. She has already raised \$9,400,000. Also under way in Los Angeles is a \$10 million County Museum of Art designed by William Pereira Associates, which will rise near the La Brea tar pits this summer. It will be financed totally by private gifts.

► Trenton, N.J. The New Jersey State Cultural Center will contain an auditorium, a planetarium, a library and a museum. Part of a complex of new state capitol buildings now under construction, the Cultural Center will cost \$6,000,000, is being financed by the New Jersey Teachers' Pension and Annuity Fund. The planetarium's dome will float over a reflecting pool, will house an "intermediate space transit instrument" which will project the heavens not only as they appear on earth but from the moon.

► Seattle. Major legacy of the Century 21 Exposition, which will close on Oct. 21, will be the handsome Seattle Center, a

\$40 million cultural complex that includes a 3,100-seat opera house, an 800-seat theater, an exhibition hall, and a coliseum that can serve as a site for conventions. The opera house, built inside the gutted frame of Seattle's drafty and flat-floored Civic Auditorium, boasts a rich interior of cherry wood, scarlet plush and gold; it is linked to the theater and exhibition hall by covered promenades.

► Houston. The proposed \$6,000,000 Center for the Performing Arts includes a 3,022-seat auditorium with contractable walls and Continental-style horseshoe-shaped balconies. The center is a gift from the Houston Endowment, Inc., a foundation set up by the late Jesse H. Jones. Also planned: a theatre in the round financed partially by the Endowment.

► San Rafael, Calif. First phase of the Marin County Civic Center, which may cost more than \$15 million upon completion, is finished. Designed initially by Frank Lloyd Wright (it was one of his last projects), the Civic Center is also called "The War Memorial" by local wags in reference to the almost ten years of wrangling that went on. The county administration offices will be finished in a few months. Included in Wright-designed buildings to come: a hall of justice, an auditorium, an exhibition pavilion.

► Washington, D.C. The long-talked-of \$30 million National Cultural Center has had trouble with Congress, which agreed to provide a Potomac site at Government expense, but insisted that the public must raise the money to build it. Heading the fund-raising committee: Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Eisenhower.



TRENTON'S CULTURAL CENTER



MANHATTAN'S LINCOLN CENTER

A planetarium to woo the masses.

► Other U.S. cities and towns with cultural gleams in their eyes: Winter Park, Fla., planning a \$2,000,000 theater, museum and concert hall; Oklahoma City, a combined arts and science museum; Baltimore and St. Petersburg, Fla., new concert halls as part of their civic centers; Salt Lake City, Asheville, N.C., and Ypsilanti, Mich., theaters at a total cost of \$2,150,000; Laramie, Wyo., Hartford, Conn., Saratoga Springs, N.Y., Odessa, Texas, Gadsden, Ala., and Tenafly, N.J., have art centers and cultural projects planned or promised.

TRAVEL

Back to the Old Values

A lot of passengers have complaints about railroads, and few have the opportunity to do anything about it. One passenger who is an avid railroad enthusiast recently traveled from Chicago to Washington on the B. & O.'s crack *Capitol Limited*. "The train traveled so fast through the Alleghenies that I found it difficult to sleep or shave, much less keep my coffee in its cup," complained Jervis Langdon Jr. Since he happens to be president of the B. & O., he forthwith ordered engineers to slow down. Trains, he argued, should go back to the old values of comfort and contemplation that they once offered.

"We put back 15 minutes on the *Capitol Limited*," says Langdon, "and when it wasn't enough, we slowed it down another 15 minutes. We've put 30 minutes back on the schedule of the *National Limited* (St. Louis to Baltimore), and engineers on these long-distance runs are under instructions not to try to make up time on unavoidable delays." The extra time permits a smoother ride, and a chance for the passengers to get a look at where they are before they have passed it.

Other railroads are not inclined to put such a high premium on comfort or scenery. Says a New York Central spokesman: "People take trains because they don't want to fly, and that's all."

FASHION

Now There Are Three

Hyperbole rose in the summer air like incense. As always, buyers fainted sobbed and elbowed one another, threw themselves into designers' arms in ecstasies. It took a calm and practiced eye (of which there seemed to be few last week in Paris) to discern that, though there might be news in the flare of a skirt or the flash of a new material, there was no basic change in hemline or shape that would force any girl in Duluth or Santa Fe to throw away her whole wardrobe. Still, no Paris showing, where countesses materialize to plunk down \$1,000 for a little nothing, is ever complete without its crisis and its sensation.

The crisis was provided by Princess Lee Radziwill. The Princess, Jackie Kennedy's sister, had taken on a marvelous fun assignment from *McCall's* to cover the collections. In haughty displeasure, Couturier Hubert de Givenchy declared

that that made her a member of the "working press," barred her from his showing. Lee stalked off to Ravello in a huff. "It couldn't matter less," said she. "I haven't been buying his clothes; I've been wearing St. Laurent's." She was not telling Givenchy anything new.

The sensation of the week was St. Laurent himself. The 26-year-old designer, whose first success came five years ago (when he inherited the House of Dior on the master's death and inaugurated the trapeze line) had been out of the running for a while. Drafted into the French army for two years, he returned to Dior to find Designer Marc Bohan in his place. Paris divided on the issue, and St. Laurent had a nervous breakdown.

Squaring his narrow shoulders, St. Laurent opened his own house last season to mixed notices. But this year braves



RADZIWILL & ST. LAURENT
She turned the other cheek.

came in salvos from the gilt chairs; the snouts of television cameras poked through tall, flowering plants like machine guns, recording the moment of triumph for a TV special to be broadcast late this month over the French national network. At show's end, St. Laurent crept down from the head of the stairs, where he had crouched like a small boy peeking at a grownups' ball to be smothered in the embrace of celebrities and clients like Dancer Jeanmaire, Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes, Cosmetologist Helena Rubinstein. His designs, basically for the young and slim, are lean and tubular, shaped by precision seams, not spectacular but consistently the loveliest.

With St. Laurent's elevation to the ranks of the fashion greats, the Big Two (Balenciaga and Givenchy) became Three. The fall fashion trends: more fur (on cuffs, collars, scarves and hoods); jewel shades of color (garnet, topaze and turquoise); along with the not-so-new fruit and flower tones (fuchsia, heather, plum, and black currant); opulent fabrics (heavily worked brocade, beaded silk and lace). "The little-boy look" cried *Women's Wear Daily*, "is out . . . The Big Three have rediscovered Eve."

Athletes Foot VICTIMS!

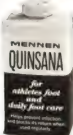


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Yarn is formed by drawing out strands of carded wool fiber onto spindles. E. W. Haggerty (left), Pendleton's Controller and insurance buyer, explains the work to Ev Powell from Employers Mutuals.

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Wausau Story



by Mr. C. M. BISHOP, President
Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, Oregon

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STATE OF BUSINESS

Prices: Soft

In its new mail-order catalogue, out last week, Chicago's Montgomery Ward & Co. cut prices on 2,000 items. Women's nylon stockings were down from \$3.90 to \$2.88 for half a dozen pairs, bedspreads from \$14.97 to \$8.90, aluminum storm-screen doors from \$33.90 to \$23.90, portable TV

sumer, but many do, especially in such hotly competitive sectors as appliances and gasoline. In Detroit the betting is that the new 1963 cars will not carry higher price tags.

The steadiness in wholesale prices largely results from intense competition. U.S. industry vastly expanded its plants to meet the backlog of consumer demand from World War II and the Korean war; but once the demand was satisfied, the need for goods slackened off, and 15% of the nation's productive capacity lies idle. Says one top Commerce Department economist: "We haven't used our capacity fully since the boom in 1957."

Government economists now see little chance of a substantial rise in prices within the next six months. They expect consumer prices to continue to inch up, largely because of increasing costs for services. Wholesale prices are not expected to rise more than one half of 1%—which would put them right where they were in 1960.

Profits: Not Good Enough

After all of the attention focused on the stock market and the possibility of a recession, first-half earnings reports by U.S. business seemed to add up to a happy surprise. Impressive second-quarter gains were reported last week by many companies, including Hertz, Raytheon, Pepsi-Cola and Eastman Kodak. In a survey of 934 corporations, the First National City Bank of New York found that earnings were 13% better in this year's second quarter than in last year's second quarter, with the food industry up 12%, paper 15%, aerospace 27%, railroads 32%, textiles and autos each 44%.

Steel was most conspicuous on the down side—24%. And rubber was down 8%, tobacco 4%. But it wasn't the prevalence of ups that mattered most. By almost any measure, profits are not growing as fast as they should be.

Five calendar quarters have gone by since the economy started recovering from the recession of 1960-61. To judge by past performance, the "fifth quarter" of recovery should be a strong period, with profits at or near their peaks. At that point in the 1951 recovery, corporate profits (before taxes) were 15.5% of the gross national product. Profits now are less than 9% of the G.N.P., lower than in any other postwar equivalent period of recovery.

There are also signs that profits in the current recovery have "peaked out" without getting as high as 1959's record quarter. The annual rate of pretax earnings rose to \$51.4 billion in last year's final quarter—half a billion short of the all-time high. It has dropped since in successive quarters, first to \$50.1 billion, then to \$49.5 billion.

Declining profits on increased sales are

visible almost everywhere—even in Detroit, where automakers are having their best sales year since 1955. On first-half sales of \$4 billion, Ford earned \$268 million—less than the \$286 million that it earned on sales of only \$2.9 billion in the first half of 1959. American Motors' sales in its present fiscal year are about the same as two years ago, but profits are down 30%. Chrysler is an exception. By virtue of severe cost-cutting measures that will slash \$60 million off the payroll this year, it has turned last year's first-half \$16 million deficit into a \$12 million profit, even though sales and earnings are well below 1959 and 1960. As usual, smoothly managed General Motors is doing fine. For the past six years, in fat times and lean, it has consistently brought home returns of 6.7% to 7.8% on sales—and in this year's first half, the figure jumped to 10%.

Few companies can match General Motors' steady return on its sales, but nowadays few can afford not to try.

Steel: Hardening

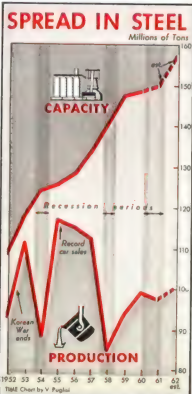
Despite soft prices and profits, the long-distressed steel industry shows signs of firming. Production has increased steadily since the week of July 4, approached 1,600,000 tons last week. In only three weeks' time, production as a percentage of estimated capacity advanced from 45%



sets from \$137.95 to \$119.90, food freezers from \$219.95 to \$188. The dip-down in the Ward catalogue's prices is one of many indications that prices of goods are soft throughout the country.

The U.S. Labor Department's consumer price index shows that there have been recent reductions in the prices of new cars, tires, gasoline, refrigerators and other household appliances. While the cost-of-living index has edged up a bit more than 1% in the past year, most of that push has come from higher prices for services (see chart), such as medical care (up 3%) and public transportation (up 4%). Consumers are still clamoring for an increasing quantity of services, and are apparently still willing to pay handsomely for them. Service prices are high, partly because people are willing to pay for them, partly because services involve quite a lot of high-cost labor.

Wholesale prices have held fairly steady for the past four years, and have actually dropped since January. Manufacturers of some machinery, chemicals, drugs, primary metals, and plumbing fixtures have recently cut their prices as much as 5%. Steelmakers, who tried last April to raise prices, now are quietly offering discounts on line pipe (oil 5%), upholstery-spring wire (8%), stainless steel sheets (10%), reinforcing bars (10% to 20%). Not all wholesale cuts trickle down to the con-



to last week's 52%. Looking at their rising orders, steelmen predict still further increases.

With consumption of finished steel also increasing in recent months, the heavy inventories accumulated last winter as a steel-strike hedge are being rapidly whittled away. Detroit automakers, confident of a good year for the 1963 models, are scraping the bottom of their strike-hedge stocks in final production of the 1962s—and new orders are beginning to flow. Steel-using plants that had closed or slowed down during the traditional summer vacation doldrums are reopening and beginning to order for stepped up fall production.

But steelmen are far from convinced that the pickup signals quick and com-

ANTITRUST

Down Bobby's Alley

The nation's two big bowling manufacturers seem to get along about as well as two tomcats in an alley. "Competition is vigorous and unimpeded," says Brunswick Corp. President Benjamin E. Bensinger, 56. Says his archrival, American Machine & Foundry Co. Chairman Morehead Patterson, 64: "Competition has been fierce and sanguinary." Thus it came as a surprise last week when Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department filed an antitrust suit against the two in a Manhattan federal court. The charge: that AMF and Brunswick had conspired with each other, and with the Bowling Proprietors' Association of America, to restrain trade by refusing

conspiracy. Its members were amazed by the trustbusters' suit. Suffering from over-competition, many of them said they would have welcomed assurances from the manufacturers against overbuilding, but got none.

So many bowling centers have been started that Brunswick and AMF, which between them manufacture almost all of the nation's automatic pin setters, are now feeling the pinch. While the bowling boom of the late 1950s helped triple Brunswick's sales to \$422.3 million in 1961, and helped double AMF's sales to \$516.5 million, sales have fallen off this year. So has the value of their stocks, long favorites of Wall Street, which are now down to less than one-third of their 1961 highs.

The Justice Department's action was complicated this week by the sudden death from a heart attack of AMF's Morehead Patterson in Washington.

STOCK EXCHANGES

In the Hole

When the San Francisco Mining Exchange was launched in the gold-rush days a century ago, the city's strait-laced bankers had a name for it and its 40 roughshod members: "Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves." The handle fit. Fortunes were made with dizzying speed, partly because the exchange's secret scouts in the mining camps telegraphed the word—in code—whenever gold or silver was struck.

But today the gold is gone. The San Francisco Exchange lists only 42 securities, many of them with names such as Smugler Mining Co. Ltd. and Black Bear Industries. Of its 42 companies, only 20 are active, and 16 of those lost money last year. In a burst of candor, Exchange President George Flach, 56, said: "Any one who thinks they're 'investing' their money here is nuts." Last week the Securities and Exchange Commission wholeheartedly agreed.

In an unprecedented action, the SEC demanded a hearing to determine whether the exchange's registration should be withdrawn. Among other things, the SEC charged that the exchange is improperly managed, has only two paid employees, has engaged no legal counsel for 30 years, ignored SEC regulations, rarely filled out SEC forms. Since 1934, the SEC has delisted 27 stocks from the San Francisco Mining Exchange—more than one-half of the number delisted from all the nation's 13 other registered exchanges combined.

Through a hastily hired lawyer, the exchange responded: "The principal complaint seems to be that we are small and do not have a large staff." Some charges dated back to wartime, it said, when many members were too busy working in shipyards to fill out SEC forms. In the next three months, the exchange's officers can state their case at a public hearing. If the SEC's five commissioners rule against the San Franciscans, a registered U.S. exchange will be forced to close for the first time in SEC history.



RIVAL BOWLING CENTERS IN MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

Should the risk be overlooked?

plete recovery. Inland Steel Co. Chairman Joseph L. Block could muster only "mild optimism." Said E. J. Hanley, president of Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corp.: "I don't feel quite so bad as I did a few weeks ago. But anything will be better than July." One steel executive, noting the common prediction that U.S. mills will pour about 100 million tons this year, commented: "That isn't bad—if you don't mind standing still."

Basic to the state of steel is the great spread between the industry's enormous, expensive capacity and its actual production. Steel has spent prodigious amounts of money—an average of \$1 billion a year since World War II—for expansion and development. But some economists fault the industry's managers for concentrating so heavily on expansion. Says U.C.L.A. Economist Theodore Andersen: "They have put too much of their investment into increased capacity, instead of modernizing and increasing the efficiency of existing facilities." Some steelmen would now surely agree.

to sell to businessmen who wanted to open bowling alleys in areas that the association had designated as "overbuilt."

Not so, cried the manufacturers. Both granted that they do turn down orders, but only for sound business reasons, and both denied any conspiracy. Since Brunswick sells most of its equipment on credit, aggressive "Ted" Bensinger insists that the company has the right "before accepting any order to make sure a proposed bowling center can be operated profitably." Soft-spoken Morehead Patterson, whose AMF generally leases its pin spotters for a percentage of the income, also concedes that AMF turns away poor business risks. "We want our proprietors to make money," he says. "If they don't, then we don't get paid." Neither man would say how much business his company had refused lately, but Brunswick's annual report for 1958 put the amount that year at \$35 million.

The Bowling Proprietors' Association, which includes more than 80% of the nation's 11,000 bowling centers, also denied

EXECUTIVES

Business in Politics

In every election year, businessmen invariably begin urging one another to become more active in politics. This year is no exception. But this year there is evidence of more action to go with the talk: an increasing number of executives are mounting campaigns to "educate" employees in the vagaries of politics and to stimulate at least some to get out on the stump themselves.

At Houston's Continental Oil Co., President Leonard F. McCollum has initiated workshops to teach employees and their wives how to participate in party politics, grants time off with pay for work in either political party. At American Cyanamid, Personnel Vice President Anthony McAuliffe (who won fame as the brigadier general who said "Nuts" to the Nazis at Bastogne) has hired Don Scott, former mayor of Bloomfield, N.J., to run employee seminars on practical politics from wards to Washington. Cyanamid now requires all branch managers at least to introduce themselves to local politicians. Other companies with political instruction programs range from Ford, General Electric and U.S. Steel to Monsanto Chemical, Gulf Oil, Koppers and Champion Papers.

A Ford in Their Future. Without exception, the firms that run political programs insist that their courses are non-partisan. But some, like Monsanto, concede that they are out to resist increasing Government control over industry. A few say that their purpose is to counter organized labor's grass-roots politicking.

Here and there, the new political activity has hurt companies. When it first



AMERICAN CYANAMID'S SCOTT
Can a vice president win?

began its political education program three years ago, Gulf was hit with a flurry of credit-card cancellations from staunch Democrats who feared a bias toward the G.O.P. Subsequently the company dropped plans to publish Congressmen's voting records on legislation affecting business. Reason: Washington Democrats interpreted the idea as a pressure tactic and set up a howl.

Most firms, however, profess to be highly gratified with the results of their new campaigns. Thanks largely to company encouragement, auto executives are popping up in local political offices throughout the Detroit suburbs. Ford Vice President Benson Ford got elected a trustee, i.e., selectman, of the village of Grosse Pointe Shores. At the Koppers Co., one vice president (Republican) ran against—and beat—a draftsman (Demo-

cratic) for a Pennsylvania township commissioner's post.

Boring from Within. Not all businessmen welcome the new trend. Chicago's Arnold H. Maremont, president of muffler-making Maremont Corp., believes that the business viewpoint is already adequately presented to politicians by industry lobbyists. Says Ardent Democrat Maremont: "The argument that corporations can conduct classes in politics without influencing the personal views of their employees is naive." Another Democrat, Inland Steel's Richard J. Nelson, who managed the company's civic affairs division before it was scrapped to cut costs, insists that "most of the businessmen who are promoting this type of program cannot conceive of 'the party of your choice' as being other than the Republican Party."

But some businessmen argue that company political programs do not influence employee views nearly enough. Says a Pittsburgh steel executive: "Usually the programs attract the younger employees—who then go out and register Democrat." But another steelman holds that this offers business an ideal opportunity for boring from within. His thesis: industry's best bet politically is to encourage businessmen to participate in Democratic politics and help to elect pro-business candidates in the Democratic primaries.

The most prominent businessman to get deep into politics this year—Republican George Romney, former American Motors president, who is running for the Michigan governorship—has long preached what he is practicing. His acid description of businessmen who shy away from politics: "Political eunuchs."

PERSONAL FILE

- Last fall Dwight Eisenhower led a band of Pennsylvania Republicans who urged **Thomas Sovereign Gates Jr.**, Ike's last and ablest Defense Secretary, to be their candidate for Governor or U.S. Senator this year. After agonizing over the decision, Tom Gates refused. Only a few months earlier, he had accepted a job as chairman of the executive committee of Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty Trust Co., whose assets of \$5.2 billion make it the fifth largest U.S. bank, and he did not want to leave that job. Last week the full reason for Gates's decision became clear. Morgan Guaranty promoted Gates, 56, to the presidency, replacing Dale E. Sharp, 58, who becomes a vice chairman. As the bank's chief administrative officer, Gates now appears to be the ultimate heir to 60-year-old Chairman Henry Clay Alexander.

- Revolving doors would come in handy at the Manhattan executive suites of Fairbanks Whitney Corp., the widely diversified and often troubled manufacturer of heavy machinery. Last spring Executive Committee Chairman Alfons Lands and two vice presidents quit amid reports of angry board room battles for control of the company. Last week they were joined by **Thomas G. Lanphier Jr.**, 46, who resigned as president of the company's largest division, Fairbanks, Morse, Lanphier—the World War II ace who gunned down Japan's Pacific Commander, Admiral Yamamoto, and later rose to become vice president of General Dynamics' Convair Division before joining Fairbanks in 1960—was



GATES



LANPHIER



BORCH

diplomatically silent about his reasons for leaving. But by week's end two Fairbanks, Morse vice presidents and a score of other executives had also departed.

- With Chairman Ralph Cordiner only three years away from mandatory retirement at 65, General Electric Co. last week made an important top-management appointment. Up to the powerful executive vice presidency for operations—a post once held by Cordiner and by former G.E. President Robert Paxton—moved Brooklyn-born **Fred J. Borch**, 52, who has been vice president of the G.E. consumer products group. Borch, who started with G.E. as a traveling auditor, will take from Cordiner full responsibility for directing manufacturing and marketing by all five G.E. operating divisions. More important, the promotion marks him as a prime candidate to move—some day—into the tandem leadership of G.E. with President Gerald J. Phillippe, 52, who now heads all G.E. services, such as engineering and accounting.

WORLD BUSINESS

INDUSTRY

The Top 100

For most big businesses outside the U.S., 1961 was a year of booming sales and bruising competition. Sales of the 100 largest non-U.S. industrial corporations, as reported last week in FORTUNE's sixth annual directory, increased 8.2% to a record \$67.9 billion. That was almost four times the 2.2% sales gain of the 500 biggest U.S. industrials. But foreign companies also learned to add that all-American phrase, the profit squeeze, to their own tongues.

Rising Sum. For the sixth straight year, the world's largest companies outside the U.S. were two giants under joint British-Dutch management: ROYAL DUTCH SHELL (sales: \$5.6 billion) and UNILEVER, LTD. (\$4 billion). But the biggest gains were scored by Japanese firms. Sales jumped an average 23% for the ten Japanese companies that made the top 100 in both 1960 and 1961. Three did outstandingly well: HITACHI, LTD., an electronics manufacturer, climbed from 17th place to eleventh in the standings, largely on the strength of rising demand in Japan for its telecommunications equipment; YAWATA IRON & STEEL advanced from 26th to 20th on increased use of its steel by Japan's expanding construction industry; and MATSUSHITA ELECTRIC INDUSTRIAL (Time cover, Feb. 23) rose from 74th to 56th with its fast-moving radios and TV sets. In addition, there were four Japanese newcomers to the 100, including highly automated KOBE STEEL WORKS, which leaped into 69th place.

The ten French companies on both lists raised their sales by 13.7%. West Germany's 22 companies did almost as well, with a 13.2% gain. But Britain's 27 entries advanced only 3.5% on the average, and nearly two-thirds of them gave ground in the standings.

Star Performers. Earnings after taxes of the top 100 slipped from an average 4.6% on sales in 1960 to 4% in 1961—roughly the same as the U.S.'s top 500. Profits of the 16 biggest foreign automotive companies fell 10.2% despite an 8% sales increase. A notable exception: Germany's ninth-ranked DAIMLER-BENZ[®] whose earnings soared from \$11 million to \$80 million on sales of \$1.1 billion. Sales of the nine chemical companies rose 11.7%, but their net incomes declined 6.3%. Hardest hit: Britain's fifth-ranked IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES, whose profits skidded 28% to \$96.6 million.

But the dozen electrical-equipment manufacturers on the list increased their earnings 10% on sales that went up more than 15%. A star performer: Germany's SIEMENS, which advanced from tenth place to eighth among the elite 100.

■ Happily backlogged last week with 111,000 Mercedes orders, Stuttgart's Daimler-Benz would not guarantee delivery to German buyers before Christmas 1961, and even foreigners faced several months' wait for some models.

WEST GERMANY

The State of Siemens

In the world of electrical manufacturing, West Germany's Siemens considers itself more than a great corporation; it is like a state. Its chief of foreign operations—which cover 79 nations—is known in the company as “the foreign minister.” The top-policy management board is a “parliament.” Line executives are nicknamed “our generals.” Says one of them: “We try to follow General von Moltke's motto: ‘Be more than you seem.’”

Siemens is Germany's largest private employer, with 207,000 workers at home



ERNST VON SIEMENS
Lighting up the Bolshoi.

and another 28,000 around the world. But it is more than it seems to be. The Siemens reach extends from the Arctic where its diesel engines drive icebreakers to Saudi Arabia, where its engineers are setting up a huge communications network. Moscow's Bolshoi Theater is lighted by a Siemens electrical system; the phone calls of Indonesia's President Sukarno go through Siemens switchboards.

Family Affair. Commanding this industrial empire is Chairman Ernst von Siemens, a shy bachelor who raises exotic flowers as a hobby and says, “Our essential goal is to do sound business rather than big business.” Von Siemens has surrounded himself with a staff of multilingual executives many of whom have studied abroad or served in Siemens foreign outposts. Since working control of the company is held by the Von Siemens family, the heir apparent is a 31-year-old cousin, Peter von Siemens, now a deputy member of the management board of Siemens' sister firm, Siemens-Schuckert, which makes heavy electrical machinery.

A Siemens family man has been the

chief ever since the company was started in 1847 in a small Berlin workshop by Werner Siemens and Johann Halske. Werner Siemens developed the world's first electric dynamo—and the company was on the high line. Another Von Siemens—Hermann, a grandson of Founder Werner—patched the company together after World War II had left it in smoldering ruins. He gathered the remnants of Siemens' skilled work force, gradually built new plants, and bought back Siemens' overseas properties that had been expropriated during the war. A \$60 million Marshall Plan loan helped.

Challenge for Competitors. Private U.S. money is now helping Siemens to push the biggest expansion program in its history. In the first major private loan by U.S. financiers to a German firm since the war, a group of twelve lending institutions headed by Morgan Stanley and Arnold & Bleichroeder have lent Siemens \$25 million as part of its two-year, \$250 million expansion (much of which will be paid for out of profits). With expanded plant, Siemens intends to give stiffer competition in world markets to its three bigger U.S. competitors—General Electric, Western Electric and Westinghouse—and to increase sales from last year's \$1.2 billion to \$1.4 billion next year.

ASIA

The Last Big Sir

In most of the world's new nations, expropriation and nationalization of private businesses are a constant threat. But not in Malaya, whose rubber-based economy has become the most solvent in Southeast Asia. Malaya's success stems from a rare Asian combination of government realism and business flexibility. Wisely its five-year-old government has resisted the temptations of nationalization and left the country's 3,500,000 acres of rubber trees in private hands, even though nearly half are foreign-owned. The owners have responded by changing their colonial ways and backing the government's efforts to improve productivity.

Leading the rubber planters in the difficult transition is Sir John Hay, 74, who is known in Malaya as a hard Scot with a soft streak. The last of the colonial *tuans besars* (big sirs), Sir John has been a dominant figure in the rubber world for almost half a century. The eleven plantations of his Guthrie Estates Agency Ltd., totaling 200,000 acres, are the most advanced in Malaya.

Good for All. As chairman of Guthrie, Sir John spends only one month each year on the Malayan plantations—the rest of the time his eye roves world markets from Guthrie's London headquarters—but he is deeply involved in Malayan affairs. Even before there was serious pressure for Malayan independence, he began training local men to take a hand in plantation management. At great cost, he pioneered the development of new grafting tech-



SIR JOHN HAY
Leading in Malaya.

niques and agricultural hormones that have produced higher-yielding rubber trees. By sharing his developments with the official Malayan rubber research agency and, along with other rubber planters, helping to finance it, he is now sparking the government's drive to help hundreds of small growers replant with high-yield trees. Last year Sir John's trees produced up to 1,000 lbs. of rubber per acre (2,400 lbs. for older varieties) and brought Guthrie a \$10.4 million pretax profit on sales of \$31 million.

This kind of partnership for productivity has paid healthy dividends. Three years ago, Malaya displaced Indonesia—which had nationalized its rubber plantations—as the world's biggest producer of natural rubber. Last year, producing more than a third of the world's natural rubber, the Malayan plantations brought in a fourth of the new nation's income. Because of rubber, Malaysians enjoyed a high (for Asia) per capita income of \$113, 70, \$40 for neighboring Indonesians. And because of this strong economy, Malaya may well be able to expand. Last week Britain agreed to link the four remaining parcels of the British Empire in Southeast Asia—Singapore, Sarawak, Brunei, North Borneo—with Malaya to create the far-flung Federation of Malaysia by next summer. The federation stands a good chance of success because of Malaya's success with rubber.

Synthetic Threat. For all his dedication to rubber, Sir John has been a leader in the move to diversify Malaya's economic base and has planted tea and palms (for oil) on one-fifth of Guthrie's acreage. "Malaya's heavy reliance on rubber is the weak plank in its economy," he says.

The toughest threat is from synthetic rubbers, which have already captured half of the 4,000,000-ton world market. Under pressure from synthetics, the price of

natural rubber has dropped from 46¢ per lb. to 28¢ in the past year. (Average price of synthetics: 23¢.) But Malaya's efficient rubber producers can still turn a handsome profit because their plantings of high-yield trees have already brought the cost of production down from 23¢ per lb. to 15¢, and when all the new trees reach maturity, they expect to further reduce costs to 10¢ per lb.

The nightmare of some natural-rubber men is that one day an obscure chemist may discover the "perfect" synthetic, much cheaper and more durable than natural rubber. But with firm confidence Sir John is placing all his bets on the continued competitiveness and superior versatility of natural rubber. He says he would not put a penny into a "synthetic enterprise."

BRITAIN

Man of Property

"I'm a simple man," says portly Jack Cotton, 59, drawing deeply on an eight-inch Havana. "All my life I've done nothing but eat, sleep and think property." He has plenty of property to think about. As chairman of London's City Centre Properties Ltd., he owns or manages office buildings, apartments, hotels and shopping centers in 268 British cities and 13 countries, collecting \$17 million a year in rents.

He is also a builder. As of last week he was deeply involved in the financing and construction of \$700 million worth of buildings, ranging from a 23-story Hilton Hotel in London to a Barclays Bank in South Africa. Largest and proudest of these is the 50-story Pan Am Building, now climbing above Manhattan's Grand Central Station, for which Cotton supplied \$35 million of the \$100 million cost; he will manage the finished building. Cotton remembers the ground-breaking with special pride. "It was a great thrill," he says, "seeing the Union Jack flying beside the

Stars and Stripes over the site of the biggest office building in the world—and knowing we'd put it there with an equal share of British money."

Cotton has been breaking ground since 1924, when he borrowed \$150 from his father and opened a one-man real estate office in Birmingham. Within a decade he was putting up \$4,000,000 office buildings, and by 1950 he had transformed the city's skyline so radically that residents began to call him "Mr. Birmingham" or "King Cotton" and joked about what their city used to look like "B.C."—"Before Cotton." Birmingham alone was too small for Cotton. He stretched out to London and overseas. By 1960, when he merged his City Centre Properties with Financier Charles Clore's somewhat smaller City & Central Investments Ltd. to form a \$182 million firm, Cotton was easily the biggest real estate man in Europe.

With such strength, Cotton has little difficulty in borrowing from large British insurance companies. But his usual method of financing is to form "development partnerships" with outfits that have land or funds to invest (among them: Unilever, Imperial Tobacco, Oxford's Brasenose College). The partner supplies most of the capital. Cotton the knowledge. Last year he formed such a partnership with Isaac Wolfson's Great Universal Stores to rebuild many of the chain's 2,000 branches. He is now negotiating similar partnerships with Philips Electrical and Cunard.

While his men move earth and change skylines in city after city, Cotton lives the country squire's life on his Buckinghamshire estate on the Thames, gardening and admiring his art collection (Rembrandt, Renoir), in a manner appropriate for a man of property.



JACK COTTON



PAN AM BUILDING

Climbing in Manhattan.

CINEMA



IVES & HUDSON IN "SPIRAL ROAD"
Billiards, leprosy and P.G.

The Mosquito God

The *Spiral Road*, metaphorically, leads to God. If filmmakers find themselves slightly apace to discover Rock Hudson traveling this road, they will be no more taken aback than the character Rock plays, an aggressive, self-centered young doctor out from The Netherlands for a five-year tour of duty in the tropical Dutch East Indies.

Dr. Anton Drager (Rock Hudson) worships his own ego, and he has a cool contempt for anyone who does not do the same. He intends to pick the brains of a rumpled Rabelaisian master of tropical medicine named Brits Jansen (Burl Ives), and trade the findings for fame and fortune back home.

"Great balls of betel nut," roars Ives as he looks deep into the drawing-room eyes of the new arrival, "they've sent me a *totok*," which is Dutch slang for greenhorn. Straightaway, Ives saves scene after scene of the picture by stealing it. Guzzling what he calls P.G. (pure gin) from a half-gallon tin, charging and trumpeting like a white war elephant in a Panama suit, Ives produces his gaudiest acting triumph since Big Daddy.

He schools the *totok* irascibly and well. Ives shows him selfless compassion in a colony of lepers, superstitious fear and grief in a plague-ridden village that must be dynamited but by hut, aristocratic pride and dignity in a top-hatted native chief who tries to save his rat-ridden palace from Ives's sanitizing torches by playing billiards for it. These scenes, and the hot tropic scenery, are stubbornly convincing. Ives cannot school Hudson to believe in God, perhaps because his own version harbors more fear than love: "Out here in the jungle when a man doesn't believe in God, He pokes him with His finger and makes him squirm."

In the last third of the film, Hudson is driven to the babbling brink of insanity by a witch doctor in an isolated jungle outpost, and his once-coffing lips utter a prayer. At this point, Rock Hudson abruptly begins to look less like Cary Grant and more like Dostoevsky. Neither disguise helps him to make any acting distinction between an encounter with God and a bout with the malarial mosquito.

Jollier than Reality

The Best of Enemies. War is hellarious. That is the motto of this picture, and it tries, with fair success, to live up to it. Two army detachments, one Italian, one English, operating in Abyssinia in early 1941 became involved in one long military comedy of errors in which they do practically everything but fight.

Their leaders are ingratiating bean brains. Major Richardson (David Niven) is a swaggerstick-thin Colonel Blimp, Captain Blasi (Italy's Alberto Sordi) is a soulful doleful *duce*. Each spends most of his time taking miscalculated risks and falling into the other's hands. Niven falls first, when his plane crashes.

The major, whose persistent bemusement at the idea that the Italians could be up to anything as strenuous as a war effort sets the tone of the picture, says to his aide (Michael Wilding), "Do you realize, old man, we must be the first Englishmen captured by the Italians?"

Blasi soon fixes that. He lets the prisoners escape in the hope that they will inform the British high command as to what poor shape the Italian detachment is in; perhaps, he thinks, the English won't dispatch any troops after such a pitiable quarry. Naturally, the English send Niven right back to the chase. The major demands that Blasi surrender her fort. But pride is Blasi's stand-in for hon-

or, and he demands some elaborate Italian form of face-saving military etiquette. Nonsense, says Niven, holding out for unconditional surrender. While the British major is practicing imaginary golf strokes with a curved tree branch, the entire Italian garrison bolts through the fort's rear gate. Before long, the two commanders get their troops mutually marooned on an island, and mutually ambushed by hostile Africans. The film's humanistic argument, never preachy and never entirely convincing, is that folly brings out the brotherhood in men.

Sandhurst-trained David Niven never lets down the light comedy side of officer-ship. As Blasi, Sordi lacks comic bite, and tends to be more laughed at than with. Director de Laurentiis seems to abide by some central-casting Geneva Convention that national stereotypes are immutable. The English are natty, tight-lipped, unflappable. The Italians are sloppy, open-hearted, fidgety. The film is unflatteringly amiable, and a few of the older moviegoers may be nagged by the recollection that the real thing was less jolly.

Facial Farceur

A Matter of WHO. British Comic Terry-Thomas wears his upper teeth parted in the middle. His mustache looks like a displaced divot. His eyes seem to give him trouble; the irises spin about like berserk marbles. His brow crinkles and uncrinkles like an accordion. Terry-Thomas, born Thomas Terry Hoar-Stevens, is one of nature's funnymen, and a good part of the pleasure of his movie company consists in watching him juggle his face.

The juggling act is on again in *A Matter of WHO*, but his growing claque of admirers is in for a new and slightly unsettling experience, a half-serious Terry-Thomas. In this film, Terry-Thomas works for WHO, short for the World Health Organization, and his job turns out to be no laughing matter.

When an oilman named Cooper (Cyril Wheeler) planes into London with a case of smallpox, and some other seemingly unrelated cases develop, it becomes Terry-Thomas' feverish chore to track down the carrier. In no time, several other plot strings become chronically entangled. Cooper's bride, Michele, played by a sensuous brunette named Sonja Ziemann, turns out to be a woman with a cloudy past. And before long there are intimations that poor old Cooper is also being victimized by an oil swindle. The bower-hatted Terry-Thomas and Cooper's gangling American business partner (Alex Nicol) team up. Mut-and-Jeff fashion, to pursue the viruses and the villains. This includes such high jinks as Terry-Thomas' impersonating a hearse driver and tooling off madly with the coffin of a Moslem diplomat, and a terribly dignified monkey who impersonates live diplomats. The distinctly chilly climax occurs in a cable car high above the Alps.

Despite a surprising amount of documentation of the serious work of WHO, the comic know-HOW of Terry-Thomas makes the movie a light, diverting jape.

Scratching at Beauty

MILTON'S GOD (280 pp.)—William Empson—New Directions (\$5).

Ever since Shakespeare wrote the sonnet *They That Have Power to Hurt*, people thought they knew what it meant. But in 1035 a young British critic named William Empson told them they did not. The sonnet, he announced, contains 4,096 possible meanings. He then presented some of them by showing the sonnet's ambiguous use of words, metaphors and punctuation, by finding half-buried references to Machiavelli and King Solomon and even prophetic hints of Oscar Wilde. Literary criticism has not been the same since.

Empson became the grand panjandrum of the New Criticism, which claimed that a work of literature could best be understood by a detailed analysis of its language. Other critics have had profounder things to say about literature than Empson, but in line-by-line analysis no one can match him. One of the most labyrinthian explications of a poem on record is his 26-page analysis of Andrew Marvell's 72-line *Thoughts in a Garden*, in which, among other things, he lists every time the word green is used in Marvell's poetry. Green, he argued, meant hope and virginity to Marvell and "the humble, permanent, undeveloped nature which sustains everything, and to which everything must return."

Ambiguities out of a Hat. Empson brought a mathematician's mind to literature. He studied mathematics for four years at Cambridge before he switched to English literature, found he could tick off literary analogies as effortlessly as the multiplication tables. Before long, his tutor recalled, Empson was plucking meanings from poems "like rabbits out of a hat." He was still only 24 when he published *Seven Types of Ambiguity*, which examined microscopically not only Shakespeare, but also much of English poetry, uncovering layer after layer of ambiguity in works that had been considered perfectly clear. Not even the simplest lines escaped Empson's scrutiny. After reading Lovelace's lines, "Stone walls do not a prison make: Nor iron bars a cage," Empson debated for a page whether walls did or did not, in fact, make a prison.

Empson has written only sparsely since. He taught in Japan then in China until the Communists drove him out in 1952 and he returned to Britain to teach at the red brick Sheffield University. He wrote two more books of criticism and some poetry, which, as might be expected, is filled with calculated ambiguities.

Poetry Without Pleasure. But Empson's latest work, *Milton's God*, a vast retreat from the crisp analysis of his earlier writing, is less literary criticism than a diatribe against Christianity. Empson fears that literary criticism has fallen into the hands of T. S. Eliot and the "neo-Christian movement" which judges all literature from a Christian viewpoint.

Empson finds Satan a more likable character than God in *Paradise Lost*. Milton's God is "astonishingly like Uncle Joe Stalin" down to "flashes of joviality" and "bad temper," writes Empson. He tortures angels and mankind for his own amusement. Satan, on the other hand, behaves like a democrat toward fellow fallen angels, and Eve he finds a great lady in the tradition of Eleanor of Aquitaine.

Empson's endless explications are often ingenious, just as often capricious. "Un-



CRITIC EMPSON
Finding good in Satan.

explained beauty always arouses an interest in me." Empson once irreverently wrote "a sense that this could be a good place to scratch." By close analysis, Empson has washed away many misreadings of poetry; by showing how varied and inventive poets are, he has often made them more exciting. But he may also frighten off readers who translate his lesson as: if you think you understand a poem, there is something wrong with you—or the poem. As a result, many a reader has felt that poetry was less a pleasure than a test, and decided not to bother with it at all.

Chivalry Unhorsed

THE NONEXISTENT KNIGHT & THE CLOVEN VISCONT (246 pp.)—Italo Calvino—Random House (\$3.95).

Knights have been a favorite target of parodists ever since they first stepped into their armor. But not even Don Quixote is quite so grotesque as the heroes of these two short novels. One has only half a body; the other has none at all. It is Italian Novelist Calvino's way of saying how empty are the ideals of chivalry, whether medieval or modern.

Aglulf, the Nonexistent Knight, is so perfect a knight that his body has turned entirely to armor. He cannot be wounded in battle, scorns his fellow knights who must care for their flesh. But he often longs for a mortal body. His armor is "pierced through every chink by gusts of wind, flights of mosquitoes, and the rays of the moon." For other knights love is spiritual by choice; Aglulf has no choice. When a maiden he has rescued invites him to bed, poor metallic Aglulf hems and haws, makes and remakes the bed, finally finds a knightly excuse not to disrobe: "Naked ladies are advised that the most sublime of sensual emotions is embracing a knight in full armor."

In medieval romances, knights grow nobler from suffering. The Cloven Viscount, Medardo of Terralba, grows worse. He is cut cleanly in two from head to crotch by a Turkish cannon ball, and one half of him is saved by doctors. This half returns home with a maniacal urge to slice everything else in two: flowers, mushrooms, small animals. "If only I could halve every whole thing like this," the viscount philosophizes, "so that everyone would escape from his obtuse and ignorant wholeness. Beauty and knowledge and justice only exists in what has been cut to shreds."

Calvino's macabre heroes have the potential of powerful allegory, but Calvino weakens his stories by cluttering them with too many other symbolic characters, e.g., the good half of the viscount eventually shows up and a pat ending is achieved when the two halves are rejoined. Still, there are passages almost worthy of Cervantes. A nun bemoans her sheltered life: "Apart from religious ceremonies, tridiums novenas gardening harvesting, vintaging, whippings, slavery insect tires, hangings, invasion, sacking, rape and pestilence, we have had no experience. What can a poor nun know of the world?" When two feudal armies clash, the impact knocks all their knightly paraphernalia to the ground. Instead of fighting, the knights scramble for loot, then make swaps. "What is war, after all," writes Calvino, "but the passing of more and more dented objects from hand to hand?"

The Black God

THE HEBRON OF HEBRON (315 pp.)—Sybil Wynter—Simon & Schuster (\$4.95).

Moses Barton strides into Cockpit Centre wearing a blue turban, white robe, and carrying a shepherd's staff. He announces to the startled Jamaican Negroes that he has come as a messenger of God "to break the neck of cowardice and slavery" and lead them out of bondage.

Prophet Moses has a lamentable weakness for nubile girls, and his first mission fails when he tries to ascend to heaven from the top of a breadfruit tree. Instead he falls to earth, breaks his leg, and is carted off to the insane asylum.

Freud after five years, Prophet Moses returns to Cockpit Centre with a new revelation: God is black. Moses leads his followers up into the hills to build the utopian settlement of Hebron with their

bare hands. But down in Cockpit Centre, the mockers who always ridiculed Moses are now rapturously following a Marxist messiah who preaches revolution and easily defeats Moses in a marketplace debate. The prophet determines to make amends for his philandering and vainglorious as God's son should: through crucifixion. While his followers pray mightily in Hebron church, Moses hangs from a cross on the hill above. After two nights of agony, he dies with the dawn. His despairing last words: "God is white after all . . . God is white!"

This thickly peopled first novel, an arresting blend of hurt and humor, peasant piety and patriotic gore, goes far beyond the common run of Caribbean books. Author Sylvia Wynter, 34, was born in Cuba of Jamaican parents, educated in Jamaica, Britain and Spain, now lives with her husband, Novelist Ian (*Black Midas*) Carew, in British Guiana. Author Wynter complements the simple faith of her Jamaicans with their equally deep cynicism: they resignedly expect that everything—from religion to Marxist atheism—will let them down eventually.

Defender of Pariahs

ONE MAN'S FREEDOM [344 pp.]—*Edward Bennett Williams*—Atheneum (\$5.95).

Edward Bennett Williams should have a good book in him about his spectacular career of defending some of the most violently unpopular of public figures. At 42, Williams has made upwards of \$150,000 a year for standing between an aroused society and the likes of Jimmy Hoffa and Frank Costello. In times past, Williams has taken on various branches of the U.S. Government in behalf of Senator Joseph McCarthy, David Beck, Bernard Goldfine, allegedly Communist Hollywood writers and *Confidential* Magazine. But Williams has chosen instead to devote his first book to fervent advocacy of the cause that, he says, attracted him to his clientele in the first place: the civil liberties of society's pariahs. A cynic might wonder if these pariahs most often find a friend in Attorney Williams when they have publicity value, fat wallets, or both. But in this book, Williams takes the high road.

It is Williams' contention that whenever government infringes on civil rights "it begins with the weak and the friendless, or the scorned and the degraded, or the nonconformist and the unorthodox." Of the major civil liberties cases that have reached the U.S. Supreme Court in the past decade, most of the defendants "have been accused of murder, rape, arson, narcotics offenses, bootlegging and membership in the Communist Party."

Williams argues that the Bill of Rights is most endangered today not by the attacks of overzealous district attorneys and congressional committee chairmen but by public apathy. In a showdown, Williams fears that the majority of the American people would gladly trade the Bill of Rights for "a guarantee of total economic security until death." Noting that Chief Justice Earl Warren once said he doubted



NOVELIST WYNTER
The faith of cynics.

that the Bill of Rights would now be passed by Congress, Williams goes him one better: "I am doubtful that it would ever get out of committee."

Three main themes in Williams' book: ► Congressional committees are going far beyond their legitimate powers of investigating the operations of the Government or gathering information to use in legislation: "A reckless minority is endangering the integrity of the entire Congress by persisting in investigations for the purpose of exposure or public punishment." ► Williams concedes that the Fifth Amendment "without doubt hinders the conviction of the guilty far more frequently than it protects the rights of the innocent," but he pleads that a suspect witness before a congressional committee



WILLIAMS WITH CLIENT HOFFA
The rights of the unrighteous.

often faces "conviction if he confesses guilt, perjury if he denies guilt, and contempt if he stands mute." Williams' advice to his clients is simple: bear with ridicule and take the Fifth.

► Though he was a good friend of Senator McCarthy, Williams acknowledges that the grand inquisitor from Wisconsin "transgressed the rights of some witnesses." Williams defended his friend before the Senate committee that in 1954 cited McCarthy for contempt, and in making much of the assertion that McCarthy's mail had been inspected without his knowledge, concludes: "History must show in one of its more ironical paragraphs that McCarthy was himself a casualty of a congressional investigation that flouted the rules of fair play."

Also Current

THE LONELY CONQUEROR, by *Willi Heinrich* (379 pp.; Dial; \$4.95). British Critic Cyril Connolly once complained of the novelists who "can only sling a few traits on to the characters they are depicting and then hold them there. 'You can't miss So-and-So,' they explain, 'he stammers and now look, here he comes—'What's your name?' 'S-s-s-so-and-s-s-s-so.'" The novel of racial misalliance is often given to such trait slinging, and *The Lonely Conqueror* is no exception. The hero, Sergeant John Baako, U.S. Army, has colored skin, but beneath it lies a colorless stereotype. As Baako and his German sweetheart career from the valley of the Rhine to the hinterlands of the Zambesi, the common indignities, predictably enough, cluster upon them like cattle flies. But when she says, "I know a lot of men who aren't half the man you are, even though their skin is the same color as mine," and when he feels "inferior to white women only as long as they hid underneath their dresses"; it is clear that the level of communication will be mainly horizontal. Love is a skin game to *The Lonely Conqueror*, and the game is only skin deep.

TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY, by *John Steinbeck* (246 pp.; Viking; \$4.95). Put a famous author behind the wheel of a three-quarter-ton truck called Rocinante (after Don Quixote's horse), equip him with everything from trenching tools to subzero underwear, send along a pedigreed French poodle named Charley with prostatitis, follow the man and dog on a three-month, 10,000-mile trip through 34 states, and what have you got? One of the dullest travelogues ever to acquire the respectability of a hard cover, Vagabond Steinbeck's motive for making the long, lonely journey is admirable: "To try to rediscover this monster land" after years of easy living in Manhattan and a country place in Sag Harbor, L.I. He meets some interesting people: migrant Canucks picking potatoes in Maine, an itinerant Shakespearean actor in North Dakota, his own literary ghost back home in California's Monterey Peninsula. But when the trip is done, Steinbeck's attempt at rediscovery reveals nothing more remarkable than a sure gift for the obvious observation.

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

War Hunt, set in war-torn Korea, is about a war lover, a man for whom war is not hell but home. How this leads to the corruption of an innocent Korean boy is only one level of the strata of meanings explored in this low-budget film made with high intelligence and high art.

Hemingway's Adventures of a Young Man. There is nostalgically charming Americana in this reel-life pastiche fashioned from Hemingway's autobiographical Nick Adams stories. Paul Newman's portrayal of a punch-drunk old fighter is a memorable acting coup.

Strangers in the City is a brilliantly abrasive social shocker about a Puerto Rican family living in the rat-infested lower depths of Manhattan's Spanish Harlem. Rick Carrier's script, cast and camera work have a harsh-grained honesty.

Bird Man of Alcatraz. One of the strangest cases in U.S. penal history is that of Robert F. Stroud who spent 43 years in solitary confinement. As the convict murderer who became a bird expert behind bars, Burt Lancaster gives the finest performance of his career.

Ride the High Country and Lonely Are the Brave are off-the-beaten-trail westerns about uncommonly untamed men who refuse to traffic with, or buckle to, a mechanized civilization. The gallant losers include Joel McCrea and Randolph Scott (*Country*) and Kirk Douglas (*Brave*).

The Concrete Jungle. A saxophone blues mocks and mourns the rise and fall of the criminal hero in this jagged, jazzy British crime thriller.

Boccaccio '70 is an erotic Italian film, though scarcely a linear descendant of Boccaccio (1313-1375). Curvilinear Stars Anna Ekberg, Romy Schneider and Sophia Loren lose nothing in translation.

The Notorious Landlady is Kim Novak, and her tenant, Jack Lemmon, does not ask for anything more until Scotland Yard prods him into some horribly funny discoveries.

Lolita. Any resemblance between this film and the novel is accidental and inconsequential. The partners in this aesthetic crime include Author-Scripter Nabokov, Director Stanley Kubrick and Co-Leads James Mason and Sue Lyon. Peter Sellers saves some scenes, and might have saved the movie if he had been cast as Humbert.

TELEVISION

Wed., Aug. 8

Howard K. Smith: News and Comment (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.).* Interpretive comments on the week's events.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Art works by a chimpanzee, children, and three French modernists. Repeat.

Thurs., Aug. 9

Accent (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). "The Gambling Americans," a visit to Reno's casinos.

The Lively Ones (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Host Vic Damone and guests Stan Kenton, Shorty Rogers, Peter Nero and the New Christy Minstrels.

* All times E.D.T.

CBS Reports (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Margaret Sanger and others discuss birth control and its place in the law and society.

Fri., Aug. 10

Eyewitness (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The week's top news story.

Sat., Aug. 11

Invitation to Paris (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Maurice Chevalier, Fernandel, Patachou, Jacqueline François and Jean Sablon are the tour guides on this repeat of a spring-time visit to Paris.

Sun., Aug. 12

Look Up and Live (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). "Evensong: A Jazz Liturgy," final event of an international festival from Washington, D.C.'s Church of the Epiphany.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A repeat of the award-winning documentary on the work of Dr. Gordon Seagrave at his hospital in Burma.

Du Pont Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The account of Hurricane Carla's devastating visit to Galveston and the Texas Gulf Coast; narrated by Dane Clark. Repeat.

Mon., Aug. 13

Japan: East Is West (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Documentary on Japan's social, economic and cultural revolution. Repeat.

Tues., Aug. 14

Shelley Berman (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Comic Berman in a one-man monologue, which is the one thing this sometimes funny fellow does really well.

THEATER

Straw Hat

Bar Harbor, Me., Bar Harbor Playhouse: Noel Coward's comic classic, *Private Lives*.

Kennebunkport, Me., Kennebunkport Playhouse: Frank Lovejoy and Shepperd Strudwick in Gore Vidal's 1960 political *po-on-jeu*, *The Best Man*.

Whitefield, N.H., Chase Barn Playhouse: *The Disenchanted*. Broadway's 1958 soggy saga about F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Framingham, Mass., Carousel Theater: *Another Night with . . .*, this time with Song-and-Dance Man Donald O'Connor.

West Springfield, Mass., Storowest Music Fair: Howard Keel hauls out *Kismet* for another go-round.

Newport, R.I., Playhouse: Tennessee Williams' first hit, *The Glass Menagerie*.

Matunuck, R.I., Theater-by-the-Sea: Robert Rounseville in a new, musical version of that old mattress frame, *The Fourposter*.

Nyack, N.Y., Tappan Zee Playhouse: William Gibson's *The Miracle Worker*, with Eileen Brennan as Annie Sullivan.

Clinton, N.J., Hunterdon Hills Playhouse: Nancy Walker in *Everybody Loves Opal*.

Mountainhome, Pa., Pocono Playhouse: *Crazy Old Owl*, a new comedy by Hollywood Scriptwright John S. Rodell, featuring a precocious seven-year-old who plays havoc with the school system. Dennis King starring.

New Hope, Pa., Bucks County Playhouse: *A Penny for a Song*, a new comedy by John Whiting.

Washington, D.C., Carter-Barron Amphitheater: *The King and I*, with Farley

Granger as the King and Barbara Cook as "I."

Columbus, Ohio, Veterans' Memorial Theater: Jane Powell in Frank Loesser's felicitous folk opera, *The Most Happy Fella*.

Warren, Ohio, Packard Music Hall: Britain's Diana Dors in *Bus Stop*.

Fish Creek, Wis., Peninsula Playhouse: A reminder of the days when bedroom farce was in flower, *Hotel Paradiso*.

Rosemont, Ill., O'Hare Inn Theater: *Heaven Can Wait* (your plane might not), with John Gavin.

Danville, Ky., Pioneer Playhouse: *Seven Husbands*, a new play by Furniture Manufacturer turned Playwright Lewis S. Salisbury.

San Diego, Calif., Old Globe Theater: *Henry IV, Part 2*, *Othello* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, in rotation.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Letters of James Agee to Father Flye. Revelations of a young writer's agonizing struggle to discipline his talent, as told to a kindly confidant.

The Inheritors, by William Golding. A richly imagined novel, by the author of *Lord of the Flies*, about the dying-out of Europe's last band of Neanderthals.

Rocking the Boat, by Gore Vidal. The playwright does not always give his best effort for these impudent essays on politics and literature, but his boat-rocking, though not dangerously violent, is worth being on hand to see.

Letting Go, by Philip Roth. The author, lured by the sirens of meaninglessness, gives too much attention to a tedious hero who finds life empty. Still, Roth's eye for irony and ear for dialogue are among the best, and they make his long novel of the university young well worth reading.

Death of a Highbrow, by Frank Swinerton. England's foremost man of letters relives a literary feud with a dead rival and decides the man was not so much his enemy as his friend.

The Reivers, by William Faulkner. The Southern writer's final work is an outlandish comedy filled with bittersweet reminiscences from his earlier novels.

Saint Francis, by Nikos Kazantzakis. Never has Francis suffered so poignantly, or been treated so compassionately.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (1, last week)
2. **Youngblood Hawke**, Wouk (2)
3. **Dearly Beloved**, Lindbergh (3)
4. **The Reivers**, Faulkner (4)
5. **The Prize**, Wallace (7)
6. **Another Country**, Baldwin (9)
7. **Uhuru**, Ruark (5)
8. **The Agony and the Ecstasy**, Stone (8)
9. **The Big Laugh**, O'Hara (10)
10. **Franny and Zooey**, Salinger (6)

NONFICTION

1. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (1)
2. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (2)
3. **In the Clearing**, Ford (4)
4. **The Guns of August**, Tuchman (3)
5. **Conversations with Stalin**, Djalil (7)
6. **Sex and the Single Girl**, Brown (8)
7. **One Man's Freedom**, Williams (9)
8. **Six Crises**, Nixon (6)
9. **Men and Decisions**, Strauss
10. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps**, Hudson (10)

TIME, AUGUST 10, 1962

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